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**64 YEARS
OF
NEWSPAPERING
IN
ARKANSAS**

1896-1960

BY
ERWIN FUNK
ROGERS, ARKANSAS

PUBLISHED BY THE
WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

1893-1894

1894

1895-1896

1896

1897-1898

1899-1900

64 YEARS OF
NEWSPAPERING
IN ARKANSAS

by ERWIN C. FUNK

President
Arkansas Press Association

President
National Editorial Association

Edited by W. J. LEMKE

Published by the

WASHINGTON COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Fayetteville, Arkansas

March 1960

FOREWORD

by W. J. Lemke

Some time in the fall of 1959 I asked Erwin Funk to write an account of his long career as an editor and publisher. He said he would do so. In late December he came to Fayetteville and brought the manuscript, which our Washington County Historical Society arranged to publish. It was letter-perfect copy, of course.

I began to cut the stencils for this booklet, then wrote him that I would like to include a picture of himself and of his father - because E.M. Funk & Son were the publishers of the Springdale Democrat in 1896 and the Rogers Democrat in 1897. He promised to send the photographs.

On January 5, 1960, he observed his 83rd birthday. On that day he received nearly a hundred birthday cards and letters. Many of them were from newspaper colleagues but there were also letters from the Governor and other state officials and from former high school and university students to whom he had given advice and encouragement. This recognition and tribute of affection pleased him more than the medals, ribbons, plaques, certificates, and other awards that came to him during his 64 years as an Arkansas newspaperman.

During January 1960 Erwin Funk wrote me several times about his newspaper reminiscences, making changes and additions. But before we could get this booklet in production, Erwin Funk died, suddenly, on February 1. Two days later I stood in the Rogers cemetery, in a cold raw wind, and watched while one of Arkansas' great editors was lowered into his grave.

I did a lot of thinking -- then and since. And I have come to the conclusion that the written word is about as permanent as anything. The written (printed) word wings on its way, and exercises its influence, in spite of the years and wars and other upheavals.

On January 8, 1960, I received a letter from Erwin Funk's sister, Mrs. C. J. Greene of Conway, telling me that he had left instructions that I should be given access to any of his records. Knowing that his files contained much valuable information about his work in the National Editorial Association and the Arkansas Press Association and as NRA Code Administrator, as well as his own service in France during World War I and his research in Arkansas history, I went to Rogers on January 9 and brought back to Fayetteville many important records. These will be turned over to the University of Arkansas Library for permanent keeping in its Arkansas collection.

His books have been given to the public and high school libraries of Rogers. His files of the Rogers Democrat have been placed in the keeping of the Benton County Historical Society. But Erwin Funk had previously taken these valuable files to Little Rock and had them microfilmed. So the microfilms are now in the archives of the Arkansas History Commission and available to historians of the future.

After I had examined the voluminous records in Erwin Funk's study, it occurred to me that he had under-estimated the importance of his role in newspaper history. For example, there is a file labeled "NRA Code" and another labeled "National Editorial Association." Erwin Funk was administrator of the Graphic Arts Code under the National Recovery Act in the early 30s, with offices in Little Rock, and kept a detailed account of efforts to enforce the NRA Code. Also, he kept a detailed record of his service as president of the National Editorial Association. This NEA record contains copies of most of his speeches before the various state press associations and other groups -- he visited all 48 states -- and a detailed account of his year in Washington, D.C., where he represented the National Editorial Association before Congressional and other bodies. This, of course, is important historical source material.

If Erwin Funk had lived, I would not have included any of this material in this booklet. I would have published his reminiscences as he wrote them. They comprise Part I of this booklet. But to show his many activities aside from newspaper work, and especially to show his writing style and his facility with words, I am adding some material from his personal records. These records, neatly typed, are bound in some 25 note books. From these I have selected some interesting and typical material, which comprises Part II of this booklet.

I would be ungrateful indeed if I did not add my own personal tribute to this good man and great editor.

I first met Erwin Funk in the fall of 1928 when he was publisher of the Rogers Democrat. In the spring of 1929 the Arkansas Press Association held its convention on Mt. Sequoyah in Fayetteville. Erwin Funk was past-president of the National Editorial Association and one of the best-known "country editors" in the United States. When I suggested to him that Arkansas ought to have a high school press association, he agreed to help organize one. So in April 1929 he came down to Fayetteville and helped us organize the Arkansas High School Press Association, which is still functioning -- 30 years later.

From that day until his death, Erwin Funk was an enthusiastic supporter of the University of Arkansas' journalism department. And a close personal friend of mine.

It was a privilege to have known him. And it is a privilege to present the last thing he wrote -- his reminiscences of pioneer newspapering in Iowa and Arkansas.

Above my desk, as I write this, there hangs a beautiful gold plaque, which his sisters, Mrs. Greene and Mrs. Andrews, gave to me as a memento of their brother's affection for me. The inscription reads:

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
ARKANSAS PRESS ASSOCIATION

In recognition of faithful service to the N.E.A. and the A.P.A.
for over one-half century this Award is presented to

ERWIN FUNK
Rogers, Arkansas

G.Arthur McDaniel
President, N.E.A.

Calvin Mannen
President, A.P.A.



ERWIN FUNK



E. M. FUNK

ERWIN C. FUNK

Born January 5, 1877, at Deep River, Powsheik County, Iowa

Graduated Carroll (Iowa) High School, 1893

Worked on Carroll Herald and Carroll Sentinel

Joined his father in publication of the Manning (Iowa) Monitor

At age of 17 he was youngest member of Upper Des Moines Editorial Assn.

Moved to Arkansas 1896 and published Springdale Democrat

Same year moved to Rogers and bought Rogers Democrat

He was editor and publisher at Rogers from 1896 to 1929

Married Miss Minta Michael, November 1903. She died in 1953.

During World War I, he was at Camp Pike (Little Rock) as publicity director and editor of Trench and Camp, the Camp newspaper

YMCA then sent him to France where he served 10 months as athletic director for the 29th Division

Joined the Arkansas Press Association in 1896 and served as secretary 1914-1918 and as president 1925-1926.

Attended his first meeting of National Editorial Association in 1902; served 10 years as vice-president for Arkansas; elected to executive committee 1925; elected vice-president 1925; president 1928.

Won many state and national newspaper awards, including three times for "Best Weekly Newspaper" in Arkansas.

After his retirement he was active in many civic activities, including 20 years as secretary of the Red Cross, 10 years as manager of the Rogers Relief Association, president of the Library Board 25 years; member of Rotary Club 40 years, etc.

In 1934 named Newspaper Code Administrator for the NRA and in 1935 legislative representative for the NEA in Washington.

Hobbies: conventions, Rotary, football, scrapbooks.

He died Feb. 1, 1960. Survived by two sisters: Mrs. C.J. Greene Sr. of Conway, Ark., and Mrs. H. Edwin Andrews of Philadelphia

EDITORIAL EULOGIES

(Arkansas Gazette, Little Rock, Feb. 3, 1960)

ERWIN C. FUNK

Erwin Charles Funk was one of those adopted Arkansans whose record of public service and lively interest in everything that went on around him could have served as a model for us all.

A native of Iowa, he entered the newspaper business in Northwest Arkansas while still in his teens and stayed in our midst long enough to become something of an institution in himself -- the oldest member of the Arkansas Press Association, both in age and point of service. The recent mid-winter meeting of the APA in Little Rock was one of the very few that Mr. Funk had missed in the 60-odd years of his service to the state press.

With all his professional contributions, and all his length record of civic leadership, it was as an amateur regional historian that Erwin Funk perhaps will be longest remembered. Other residents of Northwest Arkansas may be able to take for granted the brooding presence of the Great Civil War battlefields and all the other rich historical associations that abound in that particular corner of the state. Mr. Funk, perhaps in some measure because his own antecedents lay on the other side of the dividing line, remained perpetually intrigued by Northwest Arkansas's role in the War, and by its fascinating border country history in general.

He will be missed, not only by his fellow historians and wide circle of newspaper acquaintances, but by everybody who knew him.

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(Arkansas Democrat, Little Rock, Feb. 2, 1960)

ERWIN CHARLES FUNK

The only Arkansan the National Editorial Association has had as president was Erwin Charles Funk of Rogers. He served that organization of small weekly and daily newspapers as vice president 10 years, and for a time represented it in Washington, D.C.

The Arkansas Press Association also had him for president one term and recording secretary for 3 years. He remained a loyal member of both the state and national associations after he retired from the newspaper field, and regularly attended conventions just as he had during his active years.

His journalistic career extended back to 1894 when at the age of 17 he went to work on his father's newspaper in Iowa. Two years later the family moved to Springdale, Ark., and from then on Arkansas was home to Erwin C. Funk.

The Rogers Democrat which he published for 30 years, and other papers with which he was associated, reflected his progressive spirit and his genuine devotion to state and civic welfare.

In retirement, Mr. Funk still took an active part in community betterment. The Rogers Public Library has been a favorite project of his for many years, and its good service mirrors his leadership as chairman of the board of trustees.

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The Annals of a Small-town Editor and Publisher

by Erwin Funk, Rogers, Arkansas

When it was first suggested that I write the story of the country weekly newspaper industry as I knew it 50, 60 and 70 years ago, I felt it would be impossible to recall enough details of those early years to make it of interest, let alone to value to anyone. Back in the 80's when I visited my first newspaper office in Manning, a small town in Western Iowa, there were as many kinds of printing plants as there are today. It depended upon the size of the town, the extent of its trade territory, and the talents of the owner, who was often editor, foreman, compositor, pressman; in fact, the entire force with probably an apprentice always known as the "devil", and with the wife as society reporter and general all-around assistant. The greater majority of the editor-publishers of those days were former printers with a minimum of schooling.

My first visit to a printing office was a schoolboy of 11 years in Manning, and I had been sent to the office with copy for a school program. I was not favorably impressed by either the editor or the plant. Both were sloppy and ill-kept. Knowing nothing of printing equipment or its uses I gave it small heed but recall wishing I could swipe some of the large fancy type. Had I been a prophet or the son of a prophet I would have been more curious -- for a scant six years later found me editor of the MONITOR -- not in the same dingy quarters but I suspect with much the same equipment.

A year later, my father, E. M. Funk, who had been postmaster at Manning, was elected Clerk of the Courts of Carroll County and we moved to Carroll, the county seat, a town then of around 2,500. The owners of the SENTINEL, publishing both a weekly and a small daily, were close friends of father and after a year or so I became one of the carriers for the daily. Recalling my own experience as a carrier in the mud, snow, and zero weather, I have always had much sympathy for the boy who manages to forget some reader living far out on the edge of his route.

The Republican weekly was the HERALD and the editor, J.B. Hungerford, was also a personal friend. I should have mentioned that the SENTINEL editors during my years in Carroll were Mike Miller, C. C. Colclo and John B. Powers. I think that both the papers were printed on Cottrill cylinder presses, powered by small steam engines, but the job presses were foot operated. Neither had folders and that was one of the duties of the entire force on press day. The daily carriers always had to fold their own papers.

During my year or so as a carrier and later as a High School reporter I learned much about the printing business but had no ambition to become a printer or an editor. My ambition in those days was to become a lawyer and I spent much of my spare time in the court room and talked often with the judges, lawyers, clerks, court reporters, and diligently perused the published court proceedings, both local and state.

I also served as an assistant clerk in father's office and when I visited Carroll in 1955 I found marriage licences with my sprawling signature as assistant clerk. The real clerk was Wm. Lynch, also a justice of the peace, and when father was away I issued the license, Mr. Lynch married the couple, with the Irish janitor, Kelley, and myself as the witnesses. It might be well to add that the license had been signed in blank by father and passed upon by Mr. Lynch.

During my last two years in High School I edited a school column for the HERALD. The editor did not want a faculty-sponsored column and I wrote under an assumed name and was paid 50 cents a week. Not a boy to stick out my neck and hurt for trouble, I handled all references to the city superintendent and faculty with kid gloves and only once or twice were there any clashes. The editor always took the blame and refused to fire me. The year I was a Senior a prize was offered by the pastor of the Presbyterian church for the best report of his Christmas sermon. Two of the judges were newspaper men and the third was a preacher. Today I can understand why I was the winner. My verbatim report appealed to the editors while the preacher voted for a report that attempted to analyze the meaning of Christmas. It is still a live question today. Should a reporter give just plain facts or should he editorialize on their meaning?

During that last school year I also did some reporting for the HERALD and covered programs and minor happenings that the editor did not care to attend. One incident of that year I shall never forget. I was sent out to get the details of the wedding of a well-known young lady and my story was correct so far as it went. It was to be a noon wedding and the HERALD went to press about that hour. At the very last minute the young lady changed her mind -- but the wedding story was on the press. The editor took the blame but when I was in Carroll a few years ago I found my story of the wedding-to-be but searched in vain for any mention that the marriage ceremony had never been performed.

Getting ahead of my story for the moment, the wedding story recalls an experience of my own, later at Manning. A prominent farmer had been found at the edge of town and reported frozen to death. It was the morning of our publication day and when I contacted the doctor in attendance he said the man was dead, and I gave the story a good headline on the first page. When the papers were taken to the postoffice, information came that the farmer was still alive. The office was asked to hold the papers while I hunted up the doctor. He was very sorry he had mis-led me but that if I could wait an hour he could assure me the story would be true. It came to pass within the hour limit and we were all greatly relieved.

Graduating from High School in May, 1893, I taught a country school that summer near Carroll and if the pupils did not learn much it was an education for me. Really I was not old enough to secure a teacher's license but the County Superintendent was a good friend -- and that was that. I took the examinations for a license on Saturdays with full knowledge that if I failed there would be no salary -- \$30 a month.

That money was to finance a trip to the World's Fair in Chicago and you may be sure I passed all tests and was given a third-class license.

Even in those days I had a yen for writing travel stories and my letters to my mother, who was visiting in Kansas, do not read too badly even today. It was a big Fair but a husky youth of 16 can cover a lot of territory in ten days. My old Fair note book of September 1893 is on my desk as I write and I marvel at the many notes and comment on the exhibits, especially the foreign ones. For a short time I had thought of trying for West Point but after a study of the cadets in camp at Chicago, decided the drilling and parading in the hot sun did not appeal to me. Entirely too much discipline!

That fall Father was planning to move to Lake Charles, La., and had the agency for a lot of railroad land in that section. He was away for a month and left me in charge of his law office as he was no longer at the court house. It bored me stiff and I worked on a dray wagon and for a week in the hay fields. When Father returned, I went to work in the book bindery of the HERALD. During my three months there I had opportunity to observe the work of the printers and learned many current tricks of the trade. All newspapers in those days carried a lot of patent medicine ads, railroad, etc., that ran for months without a change. The pressman would run off half a hundred copies, maybe less; stop the press, unlock the forms, slip out several columns of junk and insert a paying advertisement. The chief worry was to see that the mailer did not get his checking copies sent to the wrong concern. Did I ever do it? Memory fails me entirely on that query.

In my years around the Carroll offices I met all of the familiar old time tramp printers and migrant book binders who as a rule could be depended upon to call at fairly regular intervals -- north in the summer, south in the winter. They called themselves "journeymen", and some of them were excellent workmen but they had a wandering foot and few of them ever settled down to steady jobs. Years later I met some of these men in the home for old printers at Colorado Springs and we recalled a number of familiar names.

The book binders were "tops" and commanded the highest wages. Many of the huge leather-bound county records were made in our bindery. My job was to feed the ruling machine, a complicated contraption that required an expert to set the ruling pens and control the flow of ink. Running the numbering machine was a monotonous task and I preferred sewing on the big books. Interesting but not exciting. My wage was \$6 a week and like all the printers I worked around 50 hours a week. I could make more money working on the dray but when cold weather came that was definitely out.

Late in December 1893, Father came home one day with the news that he had traded some land for the Manning MONITOR and was to take over the office January 1, 1894. He had a partner, Frank Salmon, the former county superintendent who had secured me the teaching job, but did not know how it would work. He suggested that I go to Manning (18 miles away), try working in the office and keep an eye on things in general. So, two or three days before my 17th birthday, I embarked on a newspaper career that was to last the rest of my life.

I had never set a line of type in my life but I buckled down in earnest and within a month the regular typesetter lost her job and I had learned to set my local items from my notes instead of having the

written copy. Salmon lasted only a month or two, being more interested in outside activities than in the newspaper and perforce I became editor as well as local reporter. Father and the family moved to Manning that spring and he took over as business manager in addition to his work as a lawyer, insurance agent and town attorney.

The MONITOR was an 8-page 6-column paper, typical of most of the country weeklies of that era. Four pages were "ready-print" which came by express early each week from the Kellogg Co. of Sioux City. After the first year we changed to the Western Newspaper Union at Omaha, as there was less chance for delay in shipment and we thought the news content better. We had little delay but when it happened there was nothing to do but wait for the next Milwaukee train. Sometimes it meant working all night to make up for lost time but it was all in the week's work. Over the years no paper of mine ever missed an issue on the day of publication save for an intentional delay to cover late election news or some special local happening on press day.

With a competent foreman in the office, I did little of the commercial printing -- "job work", as we called it. But I was quickly initiated into helping print the paper on the old Washington hand-press. Practically all of the small papers of this country were printed on some type of this famous old press. Some were called Franklin presses and there was a variety of makes and styles but the general idea was the same with all of them.

When movable type was first invented, the impression or squeeze was obtained through the use of a central screw but it was followed by the toggle-lever press which was much faster -- which does not mean it was very fast. For the life of me I cannot say how many we could print in an hour but if you were doing the press work you could not enthuse over a growing circulation save that it meant one could look forward to a rotary press in the office. One writer says that a speed of 1250 an hour was very good. I'll say that it was!

After the forms were made ready on the make-up stone, which I have seen made of old marble table-tops and even tombstones, locked with wooden quoins and tightened with the aid of the mallet and shooting stick, they were locked on the iron bed of the Washington. It required two persons to operate the press -- one to ink the forms and the other to place the paper on the cloth fly, flip it down on the form, run the bed under the die and take a long hard pull on the lever that brought down the die and made the printing impression.

As a rule the inking job fell to the lot of the devil or apprentice. The heavy ink roller was equipped with two handles and was long enough to cover a form with one swipe. The only presses of this kind that I have ever seen held two forms, so we had to make two runs to get four pages. The ink slab was usually also stone, and much of the knack of securing a satisfactory print depended upon the skill of the inker in using just the proper amount of ink and in seeing that it was spread evenly. In the summer the ink was apt to be too thin; in the winter too heavy and stiff. Too much ink and the paper stuck to the type; too little, the paper was too pale and hard to read. In the winter we often had to place a lamp under the ink stone to help it spread. One had to ease that long lever back gently, for if it were allowed to spring

back it could jump out of the socket and hit the wall with a smash. I never saw that happen but many printers did. That was a good time for the inker to drop to the floor.

When the bundle of ready-print arrived, the first step was to wet down the papers by sprinkling every 20 or 30 sheets with water, another little job that required experience and judgment. The pile was then placed under a weight until needed. It not only gave the paper more stiffness and weight and made the sheets easier to handle but the slight dampness made the sheets take ink better. But too wet was worse than too dry, for then the sheets stuck together. Looking back to those years it is easy to say that the country printers of 75 and 100 years ago were poor craftsmen but when one knows the many handicaps under which they labored, you must admire them for their ability to get out any sort of a paper.

A lot of very sloppy small-town papers were being printed in Iowa when I broke into the game but with care and know-how there were others that would be a credit to the best cylinder presses of today. I have the files of the MONITOR during the years in Manning and they compare very favorably as to press work with the output of much larger offices of their day -- or even of today, for that matter. Improved types of Washington presses are still to be seen in some offices today and I used to see them in the government printing offices in Washington, D.C., for use in pulling proof. Some were being used in printing paper currency when I made my first Washington visit in 1902. But they were always slow and there was no way of hurrying them.

As I said before, my first job was inking the press forms but I was big and husky and it was not many weeks before the foreman and I were taking turns as inker and pressman. That was one reason Charley Coe, the foreman, was opposed to women compositors -- they could not help him on the press, although I have seen husky girls playing the inker. When one recalls the hours of real manual labor that was needful in even a small office, one is not too surprised at the small number of boys and young men who stayed long in the printing offices. The average office was an oven in the summer and an ice-box in the winter. But so long as everyone else in town was griping about the weather, it was taken as a matter of course and we were thankful we were on the second floor over a drug store that at least helped keep the floor warm.

One handicap in all of the older offices was the battered type which seemingly was never replaced until it was worn down to the shoulder. Compositors were never enthusiastic over new type, for the sharp edges were hard on the fingers and the glitter of the new metal hard on the eyes. The ready-print people were just beginning to make "plate", or columns of thin metal which were mounted on a lead base. These shell castings were usually a trifle higher than our worn type and all too frequently punched through the paper when we had to use them as emergency fillers. That was remedied by scraping the bases until they came nearer matching our type. When the companies began to use a light cast iron base we were really out of luck.

I well recall when several advertisers tried using celluloid plate and cuts to reduce postage or express. In an effort to quickly dry some of this stuff after it had been washed with lye, it was placed

too near a hot stove and for a time we thought we would have need for the fire department. It was soon abandoned; perhaps because it warped too easily. Which reminds me that a must in every office was the tilted box in which one washed the ink off the type with lye. It was hard on hands but we never did find anything that did the job so satisfactorily as lye. After washing, the type had to be well rinsed with water to remove the lye. When a lady visitor asked what we were doing, the reply was "Washington the lies out of the paper." Another must was a small chunk of alum in every type case to use on the fingers when the lye was still making the type slippery.

That first office had a small Pearl jobber and a larger one -- both of the so-called alligator type. The platen did not open back flat when being fed by a pressman. When the press was open there was just a very sharp "V" before you and you fed the sheets into the opening and hoped you could get your hand away safely. Both were pedal driven and one ran them slowly while learning. The first time Father tried feeding a jobber he escaped with a couple of badly scraped knuckles. With power and real speed it would have been impossible to feed these presses.

Another common source of accident in those early days were the paper cutters and that was one of my first printing office gripes. Even as a kid I could see how they could be made safer without too much trouble. The cutting blade was kept in position by a small trip trigger that was too often worn and greasy and many a printer was minus a finger joint or two because the heavy blade slipped and caught his hand. Makers of machinery were evidently more interested in making them as cheaply as possible rather than making them safe for operators. For our old cutter I soon devised a safety catch that had to be removed before one could use it. Maybe we lost a little time but at least we lost no fingers in our office.

There were no electric lights in our small town then, and overhead lights were no good at the type cases, although we had one in the press room. Special brackets were devised to hold small lamps that hooked at the top or side of type cases, usually with reflectors. That was a job of the office devil -- cleaning the chimneys of the lamps which were very apt to smoke when there was any draft of air, and to keep them supplied with kerosene. Some offices were still using candles for the compositors but that stunt we never tried although there was always a supply ready in case of emergency. The only time I was ever reduced to the use of candles was in the A.E.F. They were better than nothing but candles never appealed to me, even for decorations.

One thing for which I have had occasion to be thankful many times was that my first foreman was a crank about having everything done exactly right. There was no slipshod or halfway method with any of his work. He may not have been a model citizen but he was a darned good printer and he gave me many a boost in becoming one myself. Today I am quite as proud of being a fairly good all-around printer as of anything I ever accomplished as an editor and publisher. I admit I never made any real money in the newspaper business until I quit working in the backroom but my experience there was never a handicap.

When I went to Manning the prevailing wage for compositors was \$1 a day and that was my pay for the first few months, but one could get

room and board for \$3 a week. When we went to Springdale, Ark., in 1896 we found that compositors (all girls) were getting \$3 a week and that was also the standard pay in Rogers at that time. A few years later it became \$4 a week but I recall that Bettie Blake would not work for less than a dollar a day and that was the local limit until the first World War. An ordinary printer was paid \$10 a week and a good foreman from \$12 to \$15. As a lad in Iowa I was still hearing the old refrain that ran "A dollar a day is damn good pay for a Paddy working on the Santa Fe." Wages are a reflection of the general financial conditions -- and they were not too good back in the 80's and 90's, and perhaps for some years after.

At the Hot Springs press meeting in 1959 a young man asked me "How could you make any money with that kind of a plant?" The obvious reply was that very few small-town publishers and printers did make any real money. Some of the better ones made a fair living but more of them went broke or lived from hand to mouth. That was true in every state in the Union. In 1905 Benton County, Arkansas, had 19 newspapers. Few of the publishers lasted more than a year or two. In those days the subscription price was quite uniform -- \$1 a year if you could get it. No one even suggested "Pay in advance." Subscribers paid if and when they felt like it. One Benton County paper that claimed a circulation of 2,000 boasted to me in good faith that he had received \$400 on subscriptions that year. He felt he had reached a desirable high. When I said we had a circulation of 1,400 and had received \$1,300 that same year he was thunderstruck. He admitted he had families on his list who had not paid a cent for twenty years. The Rogers DEMOCRAT was the first paper in Benton County to adopt the cash-in-advance plan and make it stick. Later when we went to \$1.50 and then \$2 it was always cash in advance -- stop when time expired and no favorites.

Fully realizing my shortcomings along educational lines, with only a four-year High School course, I had to make up for that lack of schooling in the only possible way -- extensive reading and learning in the tough school of experience. In the summers of 1894 and 1895 I took my vacation by attending the Teachers Normal Institute at Carroll. Both years I received first-class teachers licenses but could not use them as I did not have the required experience. That did not worry me as I had no desire to teach. Later I enrolled in the Murat Halstead Correspondence School for editors and reporters, a Cincinnati group of newspaper workers, and I had several offers of jobs when I completed the course. But they all came from Eastern papers and I was wedded to the West of Southwest. I never had regret for the dollars or time it cost me, for I would send in my editorials and articles from the DEMOCRAT -- and boy, how they did blue-pencil some of them. I was learning fast.

From my very first years I have always been a press association enthusiast; perhaps I became a fanatic on that institution. My first editorial association meeting was the Upper Des Moines Press Association at Estherville, Iowa, in the summer of 1895, and few have been the years since then that I have missed attending at least one or more. Iowa had no active state organization and the membership embraced most of the northern half of the state.

I learned that most of the editors and publishers of that day had worked up from the back room and had been printers, learning the trade

the hard way. Few editors even had a vision or dreamed of Schools of Journalism. The first came in 1908 under the leadership of Dean Walter Williams of the University of Missouri, and Dean Talcott Williams at Columbia University, New York City, and it was my good fortune to know both of them personally. Dean Williams made his first report to the N.E.A. at Seattle in 1909 and we began a friendship that lasted until his death.

One of the Estherville members was an old newspaper man, then Secretary of the State of Iowa. For some reason he took an interest in me (I was the youngest member) and one morning talked with me at some length. He said it was a tough business running a country newspaper but he had found it interesting, exciting and worth while, and that he planned to go back to publishing when his term of office expired. He said few men ever realized all the possibilities of a live newspaper with an honest hard-working editor, but there was always something to learn and it kept a man on his toes every minute.

One great trouble in writing this article is that later-day happenings insist upon coming to mind. Representing the N.E.A. before a Senate committee in Washington in 1935 (the Wagner Labor Bill was up then), Senator Walsh, the chairman, asked: "Mr. Funk, do you think you know all about the newspaper business?" As nearly as I can recall, my answer was "Senator, I would be very suspicious of the veracity of any man who said he knew everything about the newspaper business. I am here speaking only for the country weeklies and small dailies. I have spent my life as a country editor and publisher and the one thing of which I am positive is that I know more about the problems of the country and small-town publishers than anyone you have so far heard at these committee hearings." The Senator grinned, then laughed and said, "Maybe you are right at that."

There was another experience at Estherville that influenced my political outlook at the time -- perhaps for the rest of my life. The group spent an afternoon at Spirit Lake, a nearby popular summer resort, and one of the visitors we met was a United States senator. He was an elderly red-nosed over-weight man who did not carry his liquor too well. When I met him he had reached the silly stage and I went back home greatly depressed by the thought that this was the type of politician heading up our nation's affairs in Washington. Right then I lost a lot of my respect for the Washington brass hats and VIP's. Years later, when I had editorially lambasted some high government officer, a woman from the East asked, "Don't you reverence your state and national leaders?" My reply: "I respect the office but I most certainly do not reverence the office-holder. I respect and endeavor to obey the law but I despise a lot of the law-makers and enforcement officers."

As usual, I am wandering from my text. One of my competitors in Manning used what was known as a Mann cylinder press. The bed of the press was a solid iron frame and a big cylinder rolled over the forms from one end to the other, printing a paper both coming and going. Papers had to be removed by hand and the forms inked by hand, so the printing was not continuous. As the cogs became worn there was much danger of slurring. I had no experience in running this press but it was no faster than our Washington hand press and the product not good. Never

again did I see a press of that style but heard that there were several of them in use in Iowa.

Some months before we sold the MONITOR in the spring of 1896 and moved to Springdale, Arkansas, we installed a Prouty cylinder press. I do not know that I can adequately describe it. The bed and frame were heavy and the small cylinder rolled over the type forms. The outstanding feature to me was that it did not have to be inked by hand and that it delivered the printed papers without manual assistance. When we bought the Rogers DEMOCRAT in the fall of 1896 we found it was also printed on a Prouty and we used it for a number of years with fair results. It operated by man power and had a big heavy iron wheel to give the momentum. Turning that big wheel was a hot job in the summer and not an easy one at any time. It was not always easy to get a man when you wanted him and many were the times that Father and I had to furnish the power to get the paper out on time. Those old presses either made a strong man of you or killed you.

I never did learn the name of the press we used in printing the Springdale DEMOCRAT in 1896. It was on the type of the old Army press and had a small cylinder cranked by hand and was a man killer. Chiefly now the remembrance is that it was noisy, slow, and gave me a world of grief. A source of trouble with those ancient presses was difficulty in securing proper packing for the cylinder and getting an even pressure on the forms. I used to wonder whether the people who manufactured them had ever tried to print a paper with them. Good rollers, hard packing on the platen, even ink distribution and just the right cylinder pressure were the requisites of good press work then -- and still are, on the most modern presses.

It was not until we installed a Babcock cylinder press in 1907 that our slogan became "The paper that is always well printed." We inserted in our advertising contracts the stipulation that there was no charge to the advertiser if defects in an ad were our fault. To me the first requirement of a newspaper is that it be well printed.

Editorials, illustrations, news coverage and good reporting are just wasted time and effort unless the subscriber can read it easily and with no eye strain. I have seen papers of a hundred years ago that were printed under conditions that would drive a pressman today crazy, that could serve as models so far as press work is concerned. The year after the Babcock was installed the DEMOCRAT received first prize as the best printed paper in Arkansas. Between 1920 and 1930 the DEMOCRAT won more newspaper contests than any other paper in the state: five times winner of the Front Page makeup; three times the best all-around weekly in the state; best commercial and pamphlet work; honors for editorials and correspondence, et cetera. And my own thought was that the press work was one of the biggest factors.

It is quite a task for a man of my age to attempt to evaluate the many influences that have kept him rather steadfast in a newspaper and writing career. Like most country editors I did reporting from the very first year for the daily papers in Omaha, Des Moines, Sioux City, and Marshalltown. Manning did not have too many stories worthy of a wire report but my last winter in Iowa we did have a murder that involved a prominent farm family and the coroner's inquest extended over

several weeks with some interesting angles. I sent in a number of reports and received small checks for them. But the managing editor of the Marshalltown Republican, S. C. McFarland, was thoughtful enough to write me a personal letter saying: "Please accept our thanks for your special of this date (February 6, 1896). It covered the case thoroughly yet briefly. Such reports are not frequent and we greatly appreciate them." Was I tickled pink? To me that was concrete evidence that I might have the makings of a city reporter -- then my great ambition.

It was about the same time that I had my first editorial clash with a Congressman. James P. Dolliver, later U.S. Senator, represented our Congressional district. He was a Republican; I was a Democrat. I had criticized his vote on a tariff bill and in several nearby towns he lambasted me good and plenty. It pleased me greatly that he had even seen or read the editorial and was able to note editorially that he had talked about refined sugar while I had written about raw sugar from Cuba. That editorial brought no reply and he dropped the subject. But the little argument improved my editorial standing with my fellow editors and boosted my ego not a little.

My last meeting with the Upper Des Moines Editorial Association was at Boone, Iowa, in January, 1896, just a short time before we left the state. It was at this meeting that I first heard of the National Editorial Association but gave it little attention, figuring it was something for the city papers only. While it is true that I remember some of the young ladies of Boone better than I do the program, there was a discussion that interested me greatly. Just how far should an editor project his own personality into news stories and editorials. Some advocated a strictly impartial attitude, holding that the personal opinions of the editor were of no importance; that he should present only the facts and allow the readers to draw their own conclusions. Others felt that while an editor should not attempt to dictate to his readers or his community, he should let them know just where he stood and why on matters that affected the welfare of his town, state or the nation. The editor was not to be a referee on debatable issues but he should take a definite stand on them, at the same time presenting a fair digest of the arguments upheld by the opposition.

As I studied my Iowa exchanges and attempted to find the reason for their growing circulation and increasing advertising, or the reverse, it seemed evident to me that the personality of the editor was an all-important factor. Over the years I have seen no reason for changing my attitude on this question. It pleased me greatly that during the years I battled with Governor Jeff Davis of Arkansas that I never lost a subscriber because of my opposition to him.

Perhaps the greatest satisfaction I have received from my newspaper work has been the number of people who show or tell me of obituaries, now ragged and worn with age and re-reading, clipped and treasured. Many are kept in the family Bible. A year or two ago at a Rotary luncheon I sat with an elderly man from California who was surprised and pleased to learn that I had written of the death of a niece in Springdale in 1896. (By the way, it was the first I had written in Arkansas.) He said it was a treasured heirloom and he thought the best he had ever read. I must admit it was over-written but it had a personal touch that had won the hearts of the relatives.

This may sound as though I specialized on obituaries. Maybe I did, because they made more lifelong friends for the DEMOCRAT than any other feature that I now recall. Not a long string of Bible quotations; not tear-jerking sympathy for bereaved relatives, but a sincere estimate of the virtues and career of the deceased and a tribute to their innate character. It really paid. Not perhaps in cash but it made friends who stuck to you through thick and thin. In the files were letters from all over the country thanking me for that last tribute to loved ones. A five or six line item about a physician who was at the point of death, saying he was "one of the best loved men in our community", brought me word from his wife that it gave him more real pleasure than would a wagon-load of flowers. Every editor must make his own decisions on such matters but to me every issue of the DEMOCRAT was a personal letter to my readers. I knew so many of them personally, their families and their background, that it was not difficult to imagine what they wanted to know about Rogers friends or the people in the community where they lived or had lived in Benton County.

It did not mean that I was handing out chunks of flattery or undeserved praise. No one ever accused me of being flowery or overflowing with the milk of human kindness. I called them as I saw them, just as I did when officiating at a football game. An editor or a reporter should make a thorough study of adjectives and adverbs (there are plenty of them to express every shade of meaning) so that a story can be told correctly and effectively.

And always with an eye on the libel laws. Raised in a courtroom and intimate with lawyers over the years, I gave a lot of study to the libel laws. It paid off when I was sued for \$200,000 once on a charge of libel -- which suit I won easily. The editor and publisher should also be familiar with post office department rulings. He need not be a lawyer but he can never know too much about all laws that affect the newspaper business. That is one reason why every editor should belong to a live editorial association -- both state and national. Membership is really insurance.

Among my clippings is one from an Oklahoma City daily that sent a reporter to interview visiting newspaper men. One very foolish query from the young lady was "Why do your readers love you and your paper?" As published, my answer was "I am not interested in having my readers love me. All I ask is that they respect my opinions as honest, even if dead wrong -- and pay cash in advance to get them."

Recalling some early memories of a country editor, there comes to mind the day when an irate woman threw red pepper in the eyes of our local editor and horsewhipped him because of an uncomplimentary item. For many years I treasured a copy of a newspaper published in the near by town of Audubon, Iowa. The editor, who was generally known as "Pinkie", published the story of a lynching of several prisoners in the county jail. The edition was printed on pink paper and the grand jury was called upon to investigate the charge that he had most of the story in type before the lynching bee was held. He really had a scoop!

Horsewhipping had gone out of vogue by the time I became an editor but once in a while a man would announce that he was going to whip the man who "wrote him up." When that happened, Father was always the editor at fault and I took a leave of absence from the office. It is not

18. In the office of the DEMOCRAT, I discovered some really artistic wood cuts or block engravings. It was not until years later that I learned they were made by Thad Rearick, a local boy, who went from Rogers to a St. Louis paper as a cartoonist. A wood cut of the first house in Rogers (the old B. F. Sikes log house) survived thousands of impressions and was still usable when it was stolen from the office by some souvenir hound.

recorded that he never was whipped. Six feet tall and weighing around 200 pounds, he was one of the most powerful men I have ever known. The caller either wilted or was thrown out. In later years I was left to go it alone but I never did have real trouble with angry readers. Being a big man (in inches or weight) is seldom a handicap for a newspaper man, city or country.

Let me get back on the track again after this rambling around. A printer 75 years ago -- even 50 years ago -- had to be resourceful and a jack-of-all-trades. When he needed something that was not locally available he manufactured a substitute. When on the murder case at Manning, previously referred to, we wanted an outline for the location of the place, with an "X" to mark the spot where the body was found, we made it out of rule set in plaster of Paris and it made a real hit. When one realizes that wood-cuts and these outlines must be made in reverse, it is easy to see it takes real figuring.

In the Rogers DEMOCRAT office I discovered some really artistic wood cuts or block engravings. It was not until years later that I learned they were made by Thad Rearick, a local boy, who went from Rogers to a St. Louis paper as a cartoonist. A wood cut of the first house in Rogers (the old B. F. Sikes log house) survived thousands of impressions and was still usable when it was stolen from the office by some souvenir hound.

There was the era when linoleum cuts were being used to illustrate advertisements and for use on posters. In Manning we glued patent leather on type-high blocks and cut the pattern with a sharp blade. If we needed a tinted background for a card or letter-head we glued on fine-grained sandpaper and got a good Ben Day effect. Lacking the needed quads for an advertisement with slanted lines or words, one filled the space with plaster of Paris, or in case of emergency used wet blotting paper. Both would do the job if allowed to dry.

Most type in the office above 48 or 60-point was wood and had to be handled with care to prevent the face from being scratched or dented. After use it had to be carefully washed and dried to prevent warping. Many times when a job required more letters or figures than could be found in the case, they were carved by hand. Hardly a day passed when some member of the force was not called upon to exercise his ingenuity or resourcefulness in overcoming some handicap. It was fine training in learning to do your work with what you had at hand.

To be honest about it, when we left Iowa for Arkansas I felt that we were getting very close to the jumping-off place. Our plans had been to buy a paper or start one in southwest Missouri but when Father visited an old Manning friend in Springdale he fell in love with this section of the country. Some one sold him on the idea that Editor John Stafford of the Springdale NEWS was not too enthusiastic on the issue of free silver and that the field was ripe for a paper that would go right down the line with the "16 to 1" party. We secured a small plant that had stood idle for some time and paid very little for it -- and at that, paid too much. I went there a month ahead of the family to clear out the office and order new material. And had I taken on new duties? I was not only editor but foreman, pressman, job man, reporter, ad writer, devil, and in a pinch, compositor.

We were bucking not only an old established paper but one of the finest men I have ever known, John Stafford, who became my life-long friend. The Springdale DEMOCRAT made its initial appearance early in May 1896, and we did fairly well but it was soon all too evident that Springdale was too small a town to decently support two papers. While we could make no money, neither could Stafford, and we began looking for a new field. I find only faint memories of those months in Springdale but they were hectic for a youth of 19 and that part of my newspaper career was a three-ring circus and a nightmare.

Correspondence began with three or four publishers in Missouri and Kansas who wanted to sell their plants. In our plans that year there was absolutely no thought of Rogers, for I wanted to get out of Arkansas. Father came to Rogers on a business trip and accidentally met W.A. Murrell who held a mortgage on the DEMOCRAT office and was anxious to unload. Father and I had some land in Arkansas County about which we had the same notion. I suspect that deal was closed in a few minutes, with both men afraid the other would change his mind. I had been in Rogers several times with the Springdale ball team and the band at the Fair in the early fall of 1896 but had paid little or no attention to the town and had never been in the DEMOCRAT office. To me, Rogers was just another small town and I doubted that it was any improvement over Springdale. But it was close enough so that Father could divide his time between the two towns while we prayed that lightning would strike and we could sell one or both plants.

Early in November, 1896, I walked into the DEMOCRAT office for my first visit. Right then I was ready to walk out and stay out. I learned that the DEMOCRAT, the successor of the NEW ERA, was the oldest paper in Rogers and while we took over at the very start of its 16th year, the plant looked as though it might be twice that age. Thankful we had to vacate the rooms by the first of January, my only thought was to keep it alive that long. The REPUBLICAN was much the better paper, with a better plant, and was getting most of the local business. There was also a new paper, the LEADER, with only a small office but all equipment was bright and new. I was in a tough spot.

My only thought was to get the paper on its feet, clean it up and sell to the first comer with cash and a yen to be a publisher. If someone had told me that 1960 would still find me in Rogers, it would have been a case of justifiable homicide. Not that I disliked Rogers but I was fed up on small towns. I wanted at least a county-seat town with a chance at the county printing. Also there was still the thought of being a reporter on a live daily. But we were in our new quarters, had bought our first Chandler & Price jobber, secured some new type and other equipment, things began to look a lot rosier. Father sold the Springdale paper and the family came to Rogers in the early spring of 1897. With my sister, Miss Grace Funk, as head compositor, and Father doing the street work and soliciting, my burden lightened and I could devote more of my time to my education as a commercial job printer. My editorial work was mostly done at home at night.

Our first 10 x 15 jobber was a Prouty and it had a rocker drive that made it sound like a rock crusher. It was second-hand and we did not have it very long, as it was sold to the Kruse gold-mine people and it probably wound up in the junk yard, where it should have gone the day

it was manufactured. When we installed our first electric motor in 1907, we bought a 10 x 15 Chandler & Price, and then added a larger press of the same make. All three of these C & P jobbers were still in active service in 1958, surely a testimony to their ability to withstand long years of service as well as to the ability of the many pressmen who handled them. C & P jobbers and the Babcock cylinders were standard equipment for many years. I was out of the publishing business before automatic presses became a must.

The first type-setting machine in Benton County was a Simplex, installed by the Bentonville SUN -- the date is not available. The machine was a cylinder with ordinary type, save that the nicks were on the back side, which confused the compositors and made a lot of work for the proofreader. Each letter was in a groove and the cylinder had to revolve for each letter dropped by the keyboard. It was slow and cumbersome and did not last long. It was difficult to wash type clean enough to drop freely and it had to be perfectly dry. A dust pan to gather type thrown out by the machine was regular equipment.

Our own first typesetting machine was a Junior Mergenthaler Linotype installed in 1910. It cost \$1,500 and not a great many were ever manufactured. The Springdale NEWS had the first Junior I ever saw and it with the one in our office were the only ones in Arkansas of which I knew but there may have been others. It was a rather eerie-looking contraption with each matrix having its own wire channel rather than a magazine. Each matrix had a different length and as they swung around on the endless wires it made one think of a merry-go-round on a busy day. So far as its output was concerned it was a success but it could cast only a 13-em slug and longer lines had to be butted or sawed.

Miss Stella Clark, the regular operator, set most of the DEMOCRAT copy on it until the writer went with the YMCA early in 1918 and then it had a long vacation as he had been the only machinist who could keep it in running condition. In 1919 it was replaced with a standard No. 8 linotype and the salesman had the faithful old Junior thrown out of the window and demolished with a sledge hammer. With the exception of book work, the coming of the Junior saw the passing of hand composition in the DEMOCRAT office and several young women lost their jobs. But hand compositors were getting scarce, which was the real reason for the installation of the machines.

I recall my delight when the first electric motor was installed and all machinery worked from overhead belts. Those long driving belts looked like heaven after the years of hand and foot power. Only a few years later it was just as pleasing to see each machine driven by an individual motor and the press room free of those many belts which would insist on slipping or breaking when needed most. Many were the hours spent doctoring those belts. In a newspaper office there never comes a time when one can feel satisfied with the equipment. Not if one wants to stay at the head of the procession.

When I visit a printing plant now and note the changes in every item in the back room I think of the days when all a man needed was an old Washington or Army press, a make-up stone, a few fonts of battered type, a box of wooded quoins, a few iron sidesticks, a mallet and a planer -- and he was a publisher. If the paper folded, as so many of

them did, it was an easy task to load things into a wagon and seek a greener field. Those days are happily gone forever.

A couple of years ago I visited the office of the MONITOR at Manning, Iowa, my old home town and locale of my first newspaper. I think we sold the paper for around \$1,500. Today you could not buy the plant for less than \$40,000 -- maybe more. That price comes to mind because a man who specializes in the sale of newspaper plants told the Arkansas Press Association a year or two ago that a paper not worth \$40,000 was hardly worth bothering about. Manning is still a town of less than 2,000 but quite modern. The subscription price is \$4 a year. Times certainly change.

No longer is the office devil initiated by chasing him from one end of the town to the other seeking a left-handed monkey wrench, a yard or two of red tape, Gothic italic type, or any other idiotic item the printers might invent. It has been a long time since I have seen printers "jeffing" to see who would get the fat takes or some unpopular job. For the benefit of the neo, jeffing was done with a handful of type -- betting on the number that would fall nicks up after shaking them in the hand like dice. In the Carroll office most jeffing was to see who would have to return to the office Sunday morning and set the hotel menu in French. Nor have I seen a printer burning a match on the make-up stone and rubbing the sulphur into a scratch or cut. It may not have been sanitary but it was effective. And what of the traditional office towel that stood in the corner instead of hanging limp on a rack? Paper towels had not been invented, so we dried our hands on discarded sheets of the ready-print.

In a 1959 issue of the Arkansas Publisher one finds a newspaper authority complaining about the "single wraps", the papers mailed to distant points. Poorly wrapped in cheap paper, too much paste, blurred addresses, etc. We got rid of that complaint 60 years ago in an age when too many offices were using old sales bills on cheap colored paper for wrappers. At first we used new print paper but later discovered a light tough manila that did not require much paste and used a mailer that printed direct on the paper. It pleased the post office and reduced complaints from subscribers to a minimum. Which reminds me that I had forgotten two newspaper office musts -- the glue pot and the paste pot. They never were ornamental but they were essentials. In the early days all offices mixed their own paste and glue but there were some on the market ready for use -- but more costly.

Until the death of Mrs. Maud Duncan a year or two ago, her office at Winslow, Washington County, where she published the AMERICAN, was the only real old-time plant in this part of the state. A visitor at her office saw a paper published under pioneer conditions, save that she used a small job press and printed one page at a time. Type was set by hand by Mrs. Duncan, who was the entire force. A.M. Merrill of Rogers printed the PEOPLE'S FRIEND under much the same conditions until the first World War but used a compositor when he could find one. These little papers had a limited circulation and were printed for personal pleasure and not for profit.

A country editor's activities are pretty much what he makes them, and I never did confine mine to the office. Many a city newspaper man

has retired to the small town with the hope for more time for fishing, hunting, golf, etc. For 20 years I was a football and track official in Academy and High School games and found time for most of the home baseball games. I was secretary of innumerable groups and commissions for it gave accurate information for the reports of same -- not to mention that the secretary handled most of the printing. For five years I was secretary of the Arkansas Press Association. My longest break from the office was during the first World War serving as state publicity director for the YMCA and editor of TRENCH AND CAMP at Camp Pike and then in the AEF as an athletic director. They kept me away from Rogers for one and a half years and in addition to experience as a public relations man gave me opportunity to take a good look at my work in Rogers and to lay some plans for the future.

After the installation of a Babcock Reliance cylinder press in 1907, the DEMOCRAT became a standard 8-page 6-column paper. A number of our country housewives said they liked the big 8-column paper best as it was more adapted to use on pantry shelves, under carpets or even for papering rooms. It might surprise some people today to learn how general it was in the early days to use newspapers for wall paper -- especially in upper or out-of-the-way bedrooms. Many a child learned to read from these old papers. Only a few months ago an elderly man told me his first bedroom was lined with old DEMOCRATS and how peeved he was when he discovered one carelessly placed upside down.

Once when I mentioned that I was only 17 when I edited my first newspaper, someone said "No 17-year kid has any business editing a newspaper even in the smallest town." As a matter of fact, in those days I did not realize that I had any community responsibilities and the part an editor can play in the welfare of state or nation was the least of my worries. The big thing as I saw it was in helping the Funk family make a living. The day that the N.E.A., under my year as its president, was to adopt the slogan, "Better newspapers make better citizens", was a long way in the future. In school they had told us that the pen is mightier than the sword -- but I doubted it.

But even in those formative years, some very definite rules were established for our paper. One of my strong gripes while still in my teens was the so-called jokes and wise-cracks about the poverty of the country editor, and the all-too-frequent editorial pleas for financial aid. To me, such an editor was bird who was fouling his own nest. A newspaper, as I saw it, was just another local business and no more entitled to a hand-out than the merchant, the banker or the lawyer. In 1907, when elected orator of the Arkansas Press Association, my subject was "What do you stand for at home?" There were some compliments but more editorial brickbats from the old school members. Fred Heiskell of the Arkansas Gazette dubbed me as a crusader and referred to me as "our temperamental friend from the Ozarks." But he did admit that my talk hit several nails right on the head. My slogan "Kill all poverty jokes", kept rolling all over the country and by the mid-20's the American Publisher was giving me credit for my continuing campaign to have editors honoring their profession instead of running wise-cracks about its poor financial standing.

Another type of so-called jokes that were barred from the MONITOR and all succeeding papers with which I have been associated were those

that slandered the stepmother as a class or individual; that poked fun at religion and ministers; that saw something funny in a cripple falling; that jibed at a child's innocence or at a person with some physical handicap. Maybe I was born with a poor sense of humor but such jokes were out, right from the very first.

One lesson that was never forgotten came early during my first year as an editor. The rival editor in my town was uneducated and illiterate and I made fun of his spelling, his unorthodox grammar and his queer headlines. It backfired. I discovered that the community only laughed at his many errors (as I saw them) and admired him for his courage in trying to run a newspaper. This particular editor did not last very long but ever after, while I might criticize opinions, lack of attention to facts, even the honesty of an editor, never did I mention his literary style or his personal habits.

While there was certainly some very bitter rivalry between those early small-town papers and the language used in describing the other editor in your town, or in those nearby, would have trouble getting through the mails today, there was still a clannishness that made it almost a written requirement that every printing establishment go to the aid of his erstwhile enemy in time of trouble. If your press broke down, you could always depend upon your nearest neighbor getting your paper out for you. In case of fire or flood, death or accident, every office within a reasonable distance came to your assistance. If it was a shortage of newsprint, there was not much one could do about it, for we all used ready-print, at least in my section of Iowa, and few offices carried any surplus of paper.

While the first papers in Rogers used ready-print, when I landed there in 1896 practically every paper in northwest Arkansas was home print. In 1896 the DEMOCRAT was a 4-page folio, six columns to the page. A few months later it went to seven columns; then to eight. Not so much because we disliked ready-print and larger papers, but chiefly because the Western Newspaper Union insisted on serving us from their Little Rock office, which because of transportation delays at VanBuren or Fort Smith made arrival of shipments most uncertain. Also their state news largely covered a territory in which our readers were not interested. Had they given us service out of Kansas City or even St. Louis, it would have been more desirable.

One feature that would condemn the papers of yesterday with the readers of today was the small type faces. But that was also true of books and magazines. As I write this paragraph I have on my desk a copy of the Chicago TIMES of September 8, 1864, saved because of the war news. It is almost impossible to read without a magnifying glass, although it is in good condition. One cannot but wonder how the eyes of the reading public survived the small type face, poor paper, and crowded headlines. Type faces were better by my day but it still was too small and falls far short of the type faces of today.

Headlines were small as a rule but when emphasis was desired they used one, two, and three-deck pyramids. Illustrations, even in ads, were rare. Very few advertisements quoted prices and were filled with exaggerated claims of being the biggest, the best or the cheapest without a price or illustration to prove it. But that was not a small-

town failing; it was just as true for the city papers. Also on my desk is a catalog for Marshall Field & Co. of Chicago -- a souvenir of my World Fair visit in 1893. Not a single price; not an illustration. As for the type-- it might have been printed in the MONITOR office.

One finds many letters to the papers from their readers (they probably did that back in the B.C. days) but little space given to the now familiar Country Correspondent. There were reports from nearby points but they seem to have been spasmodic and not regular features. Too many country papers were victims of long-winded editorial writers who usually discussed everything under the sun save community matters. To discuss local shortcomings might bring controversy and the loss of a subscriber or an advertiser. It was safer to cuss the King of Siam or the Tsar of Russia. Also, some editors today have the same fear.

I am some sort of an authority on that problem, for the records show that I was once sued for \$200,000 for saying something about local conditions that I felt ought to be said. Without going into details, it should be added that the suit was dropped and never did get into the courts. For the benefit of some editor with a chip on his shoulder it might be added that the article that brought the suit had been submitted to a competent lawyer who gave it the "Go ahead" sign, before its publication.

Inasmuch as my first years in newspaper work were in western Iowa, I am no authority for the corresponding days in Arkansas or the Southwest in general, but during my more than 60 years in this state I visited every county and practically every town with a newspaper. During World War I my work as publicity director for the YMCA and the War Work Council took me over much of the state. Then in 1934 as Code Administrator for the newspapers of Arkansas under the N.R.A. or the Blue Eagle, there was constant contact with every office in the state and there were many personal visits. I would say that Arkansas, then and now, is much like every other state as regards its newspapers. Some are very good; the majority of them average; and the others very very poor -- both as to appearance and contents. As a rule most of them have been quite as good as their home town deserved.

The growth and prosperity of the country daily and weekly papers did not happen over night although it did reach some sections of both state and nation more quickly than others. As I look back over the years I can see that most local enterprises have kept the forward pace side by side -- the newspapers along with the other professions and industries. Not business alone but also the churches, the schools, the civic organizations, the welfare and social groups. They were all helped greatly by the efforts of the local paper and it has grown in financial standing, extended circulation and influence right along with them. In many towns, the editor headed the parade to prosperity; in others it was other local interests that did the leading. I am finding it a lot easier to editorialize than to write about details but what I have personally experienced and what has been learned from other sources gets rather tangled in one's memory. At least I find it so.

There was a time when I figured my career had been divided into three parts: before World War I; during that war; and after the war. Later

I have had a long fourth chapter -- after I sold the Rogers DEMOCRAT in November, 1929. That brought to a close 33 years as its editor and publisher -- almost to a day. (November 1896 to November 1929).

When I returned from France early in July, 1919, there were just two alternatives: Make a real newspaper out of the DEMOCRAT, or sell and seek a new location. Until that time the paper had been owned by Funk & Son, but within a week or two I bought the interest of my father, E. M. Funk, and began work on plans for improvement. The plant was really a wreck after one and a half years of careless foremen. Out of the window went all my pre-war notions as to running a successful paper. Save for the presses, most type and equipment was junked. Forgotten was my old prejudice against running into debt. My aim was to give readers and customers the best possible service -- and make them pay for it. One of the first steps was to install the Porte price list. Friends said it would never work in Rogers and that it would be out of question to get almost doubled advertising rates and Porte prices for commercial printing. But it did work and within a year for the first time in my life I was making some real money.

I am not throwing bouquets at myself. Any publisher can do it if he can deliver the goods. Success in the newspaper business is not just a matter of equipment, but when you buy, see that you secure just what your plant can use to advantage. Equipment that lies idle half the time is no bargain, no matter how good it looks. It is the time and the brains you put into your work; intelligent coverage of your field as to news; the fairness and originality of your editorials, a wise choice of assistants in both front and back rooms; working with all organizations that are supporting worthwhile projects. Looking at it from that angle the newspaper profession has not changed a great deal in the last hundred years. To me it is a great deal like football. Despite all the columns written about new formations and tricky plays, a player today still has to be sound physically, fast on his feet, able to block and tackle effectively, and to use his head in all situations and emergencies. These requirements are basic and never change.

Where I eventually tripped and fell flat on my face was in thinking that I was a machine that could keep going forever at the same old pace. During my last years with the National Editorial Association as vice-president and then as president, I attended sixty conferences and conventions in 28 states. Nights on sleepers and all sorts of hotels; speaking perhaps two or three times a day; always conferences with state and national officers and committees. Keeping up as best I could my work as editor and manager of the DEMOCRAT; serving as judge in a dozen or more newspaper, college and high school contests; writing for trade publications on current problems. In the fall of 1929 my doctor said very flatly, "Get out of that office for at least a year -- or else." So I sold the DEMOCRAT -- which I had often said I would never do, but within a month or two his "else" really hit me and then I was definitely out of the publishing game for ever. When I was on my feet again, my ambitions as a publisher had quite vanished.

That seems a long time ago -- almost another third of a century -- but certainly I have never ceased to be a newspaper man although not a publisher. I am still greatly interested in newspaper equipment -- but only as a spectator on the sideline. My work just changed from a

linotype and a cylinder press to my typewriter, and these later years have been just as interesting and satisfying, although certainly not so strenuous as were my 36 years as editor and publisher. This chapter has included a few months at Fayetteville as managing editor of the LEADER; my year in Little Rock as Newspaper Code Administrator for Arkansas; and my months in Washington as representative of the National Editorial Association. Mrs. Funk and I drove our car in every state of the Union and gained a knowledge of the country one can get no other way. We attended scores of state and national press association conventions, as I have always kept up my membership in both.

As I have studied old scrapbooks and clippings I must admit some surprise at the many topics to recall and write about. For several years one of my pet topics was concerning the need of every publisher to have an attested inventory of his plant. Not by the owner or some member of the force but by a man who is accepted by insurance companies as a qualified adjustor. It may cost a little money but it can pay a big dividend in case of fire or sale. I speak from experience. One year I was urging editors to "Get the scrapbook habit." Keep your local "morgue" up to date -- with pictures if possible. Treasure your files as you would your insurance papers or Liberty Bonds. They are insurance against the newcomer or the fly-by-night competitor. When you are buying a newspaper, look a lot longer at the trade territory and its possibilities than at equipment and buildings. You can always buy the latter but you can't buy trade territory.

My viewpoint on many matters has changed over the years. I have never been a stand-patter just because "That was the way we have always done a certain thing and who am I to change it?" The DEMOCRAT was listed as Independent Democrat, which meant we took no orders from the brass hats of the party either in support of candidates or political issues. It cost us some county and state printing at times but never the loss of local business. I have supported candidates who were failures. I worked for community projects that proved impractical. I put money into local enterprises that went broke. That is part of life and helps to keep a man on his toes. The man who has never made a mistake, who has never taken a chance, has missed half the fun of living. A newspaper career is full of risks and errors. Just don't make the same mistake twice.

Quite often since retirement as editor and publisher of the DEMOCRAT some friend will ask me "How do you manage to keep busy?" Keeping busy is something that has never bothered me. Aside from the special newspaper assignments mentioned before, for 20 years much time was devoted to community projects, usually along social and welfare lines. For 20 years I was secretary and manager of the Rogers branch of the American Red Cross, and during the war years was on call 24 hours a day, seven days in the week. Served on the Red Cross Council at the Base Hospital at Camp Chaffee, and later on the Council for the Veterans Hospital at Fayetteville -- nine years. As president of the Rogers Relief Association in the 30's our big aim was to help keep underprivileged children properly clothed for school. During the war years my office handled all W.P.A. clothing for the east side of Benton County. Had six years (the limit) on Benton County Old Age Pension Board. For 25 years I have been a member of the Board of Directors of the Rogers Public Library -- 20 of these years as its president.

Handling the publicity for these various activities and writing histories of local institutions with assignments on special editions of the local daily, have kept me busy over the last years at my typewriter. Since giving up all welfare activities in 1950, save the Public Library, because of the continued illness of Mrs. Funk, I have chiefly concentrated on articles for the PIONEER, the publication of the Benton County Historical Society, because this work could be done at home. Up to date that bugaboo of "keeping busy" has yet to cause me worry. Not long ago a lady said "What will you do, Mr. Funk, when there is nothing more to write about?" My answer: "My dear young lady, so long as there are people in this world there will always be something to write about."

No matter how long one may live and how far he may travel, the most interesting things in the world are people. All the honors I have ever received and all the business success I ever attained has been due to people -- my friends, God bless them. Not the people who are friendly because of what they expect to get from you or your paper or perhaps your influence; not the kind who like to read about the mistakes of their neighbors but demand that you delete all references to their own errors; not the politicians who laud you to the sky before election and give you a kick in the pants when they get in office. The newspaper business has made a lot of pessimists out of men and women who began their careers as enthusiastic optimists. It's a tough old game but has its rewards if you are not expecting credit for the time and effort expended and can be satisfied with your own consciousness of a job that was done to the best of your ability. I have never regretted for one minute that my life has been spent in newspaper work.

The first thing I noticed when I stepped
 out of the car was the cold air. It was
 a sharp contrast to the warm blanket of
 the car. I shivered slightly, but then
 I remembered that this was the first time
 I had ever been outside of my home. I
 took a deep breath and looked around.
 The street was wide and empty, with a few
 cars parked along the side. The buildings
 were tall and modern, with many windows.
 I felt a sense of awe and wonder as I
 looked at the city. It was so different
 from anything I had ever seen before. I
 took a few steps forward, feeling the
 pavement under my feet. The air was
 crisp and clean, and I felt a sense of
 freedom. I was finally outside, and I
 was in a new place. I took another
 deep breath and smiled. This was my
 first step into a new world.

I walked down the street, feeling the
 wind on my face. The sun was shining
 brightly, and the sky was a clear blue.
 I felt a sense of peace and calm as I
 walked. The city was so beautiful, and
 I was so lucky to be here. I took a
 few more steps, and then I saw a group
 of people walking towards me. They were
 smiling and waving, and I felt a sense
 of welcome. I stopped and looked at
 them. They were a mix of ages and
 ethnicities, but they all had the same
 friendly expression. I smiled back at
 them and waved. They continued to walk
 towards me, and I felt a sense of
 excitement. I was about to meet new
 people, and I was so happy to be here.
 I took a few more steps, and then I
 saw a car pulling up to the curb. The
 driver rolled down the window and
 smiled at me. I felt a sense of relief
 and happiness. I was finally home, and
 I was in a new place. I took a deep
 breath and smiled. This was my first
 step into a new world.

A U T O B I O G R A P H Y o f E R W I N C . F U N K

Editor's Note

This manuscript, bound in note-book covers, was among the papers in Erwin Funk's desk. It was written in 1957 and 1958 - evidently for his own pleasure. At any rate, he never mentioned it to me when we were discussing the writing of his newspaper experiences. He wrote "64 Years of Newspapering" for publication. But his "Autobiography" adds personal data and reminiscences to the "shop talk" and deserves to be included, now that "30" has been signed to his career. So here is the man's own account of his busy life as he looks back down the long road up which he came to gain the heights.

W. J. Lenke

Autobiography of Erwin C. Funk

Erwin Funk was born Jan. 5, 1877, at Deep River, Powsheik county, Iowa, the oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. E.M. Funk. His father was born near Mt. Morris, Ogle county, Illinois, and both of his grandparents, Micheal Funk and Adeline Newcomer, were born in Washington county, Maryland, near Hagerstown. They were both of German ancestry. The family had come to America in 1735, locating in Pennsylvania and Western Maryland. In religion they were a branch of the German Lutheran Church familiarly known as the Brethren or Dunkards. Mt. Morris was for many years headquarters of this denomination. By trade, Michael Funk, like his father, Samuel Funk, was a cooper but soon after his marriage he became a farmer. In 1854 he moved to Powsheik county, Iowa, where he spent the rest of his life, save for a few years in Florida in his later years. He died in Deep River, Iowa in 1899, aged 77 years.

Michael Funk married Adeline Newcomer in 1847 at Mt. Morris. Her family had moved to Illinois in 1841. Her father, Emanuel Newcomer, was also of German ancestry. Her mother's name was Funk but no relation of her husband. The name Funk is a common one in western Maryland and in the Shenandoah valley of Virginia. To this marriage were born six children, one son dying in infancy soon after their arrival in Iowa. The oldest child was a daughter, Mrs. Catherine Cox. The oldest son was Henry Funk, an attorney of Audubon, Iowa, for many years. He moved to Rogers, Arkansas, in 1905 where he practiced law until his death there in 1928, aged 77 years. He served two terms as mayor of Rogers, 1918-1922. He was the father of Roy and Gladys Funk.

Emanuel Funk, father of Erwin Funk, was born July 20, 1851, and came to Iowa with the family in 1854. In his early youth he engaged in farming, taught school, and when he married Addie L. Walters in 1876 he was engaged in the mercantile business. In 1879 he moved to Audubon in western Iowa, where he was in the mercantile business. In 1883 he moved a few miles north to Manning, a new town on the newly-opened Chicago-Milwaukee railroad. He was in the clothing business several years until appointed postmaster by President Cleveland in 1885. Before the expiration of his term he was elected Clerk of the courts of Carroll county on the Democratic ticket and the family moved to Carroll, the county seat, in 1889. While Clerk of the Courts he was admitted to the bar. When his term expired he began the practice of law. Around the first of 1894 he became owner of the Manning Monitor and started his son Erwin on a newspaper career.

Mr. Funk and family moved back to Manning in the spring of 1894 where he served as city attorney, practiced law, and was business manager of the Monitor. In the spring of 1896, because of ill health, he decided to go south, expecting to locate in southwest Missouri. While visiting friends at Springdale on an exploratory trip he fell in love with northwest Arkansas and upon his return sold the Iowa paper and moved to Springdale, Arkansas. In May 1896, Funk & Son started publication of the Springdale Democrat. Deciding that Springdale was not large enough to support two weekly papers, Funk & Son bought the Rogers Democrat in November 1896. Erwin Funk took over the Rogers paper. The Springdale paper was sold to Joel Pollard of Fayetteville. The Funk family moved to Rogers, where E.M. Funk died in January 1927, aged 75.

Always deeply interested in politics, Mr. Funk was elected as a representative from Benton county in 1902. It is interesting to note that John P. Stafford, editor of the Springdale News, served in the same legislature with Mr. Funk. They had always been the best of friends and their newspaper rivalry was always friendly. While Mr. Funk practiced law for a time in Rogers, his work as business manager of the Democrat soon required a major portion of his activities. When his brother H. U. Funk, moved to Rogers in 1906, they became partners in the law firm of Funk & Funk, although E. M. Funk paid little attention to the strictly legal work of the firm. He was active in all community, county and state projects and served for many years on the Board of Trustees of Rogers Academy and as an officer of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches. He was a sponsor of the sale of the Academy to the Rogers School District and the union of the two churches.

Mrs. Addie L. Funk, mother of Erwin Funk, was the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Walters and was born a few miles from Davenport, Iowa, June 4, 1856. She attended high school in Davenport and later had a year at the University of Iowa. After the family moved to Powsheik county, Iowa, she taught school for a term or two and married E. M. Funk March 16, 1876. To them were born four children: Erwin Funk, and three daughters, Winifred Catherine, Grace Adeline, and Irma Frances. Mrs. Funk died April 3, 1939 at Conway, Ark., where she was spending the winter with her youngest daughter, Mrs. Chas. J. Greene, at the age of 82 years. Interment was in the Rogers cemetery beside the graves of her husband and parents.

Her father, Phillip Walters, was of English descent on his father's side but his mother, Sarah Hotz, was German, and he was born 1822 near Winchester, Va. His parents died when he was quite young and he went to Ohio with a brother, Elisha, while still a boy. When gold was discovered in California, he was working in the lead mines near Dubuque, Ia. Returning to Ohio to get his brother, they joined a party headed for the gold fields. They reached California in the fall of 1850. Although a big man -- 6 feet 4 inches tall and very powerful -- he said he had a rough time on the trip across the Plains and was ill much of the time. He said they spent the 4th of July, 1850, in Salt Lake City. They had no trouble, he said, but to be on the safe side, their caravan camped some distance from the Mormon settlements at night. Asked about weapons, he said he never carried anything but a good stout cane.

The brothers were fairly successful in their mining venture. When he decided he had made enough money to buy a good farm back home, he returned to the States, making the trip by ship via Nicaragua. His brother remained in California but died several years later. By this time my grandfather had married but he returned to California in 1855 to look after his brother's estate. The trip this time was made both ways by ship via Central America. Yellow fever was rife and he said he slept on the open deck, save in the most inclement weather.

There is no record as to when he left Ohio, but he married Sarah Catherine Weymer at the little hamlet of Hickory Grove, near Davenport, Iowa, Dec. 21, 1854. In the late 1870s he left Powsheik county, Iowa, and moved to Gove county, Kansas. After a few years of drouth and grasshoppers, my grandparents moved to Republic county in northeastern Kansas where they lived until old age made farm life too strenuous and they came to Rogers, Ark., where he died Oct. 15, 1908, aged 86.

My grandmother, Sarah Catherine Weymer, was born in Orange County, New York, in 1829. Her father was of German origin but her mother was English. I do not know when her family moved to Ohio but she taught school until she married Phillip Walters Dec. 21, 1854. To this marriage were born six children, two daughters and four sons, all of whom grew to start families of their own. My grandmother was a really remarkable woman and while she could walk under my out stretched arm, she was the biggest little woman I ever knew. Well educated for her day she took an active interest in all matters political and was always a rabid Republican as was her husband -- but while he was not a talker on such matters, she was always ready for a debate. I do not think I have mentioned that all of my father's people were Democrats, although my grandfather was on the liberal order.

As I have mentioned before, there were four children in our family and I was the oldest. I married Miss Mintie Michael, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S.S. Michael, Nov. 18, 1903. Her parents came to Rogers in 1886 and she was born near Des Moines, Iowa. We had no children. She died Sept. 23, 1953, just a month or two before we would have celebrated our Golden Wedding.

Winifred Catherine married John S. Marshall of Rogers and most of their married life was spent in Muskogee, Okla. They had three children: Maurice, the oldest, who died when he was 9; Mrs. Dorothy Beasley, wife of a Methodist minister; and Don, who lives in Pasadena, Calif. Mrs. Marshall died June 1, 1957, at Pasadena at the age of 79 years.

Grace, who worked for nine years on the Rogers Democrat, graduated from the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, went to the foreign mission field in south China in 1906 and was for a number of years the head of a school for Chinese young women. In 1925 she married H. Edwin V. Andrews, also a Moody graduate and a former classmate, who was a missionary in west China. His first wife, also a classmate of Grace, had died and left a family of five children. At the time of their marriage he was the business manager of a school for the children of missionaries at Chefoo, on the northwest coast of China. They returned to the States in 1926 and for seven years Mr. Andrews was secretary of the China Inland Mission, with their home in Germantown, Pa. They returned to China in 1933, to Chefoo; came back in 1939, and returned to Chefoo in 1940, just in time to be caught in the Japanese-Chinese war and were prisoners of the Japanese at Chefoo for almost two years. Released in 1943 they returned to Philadelphia where they make their home and are still active in CIM work. In the course of her life Mrs. Andrews has made two trips around the world and lectured and preached in many parts of the country, especially in the East and Mid-west.

Irma, the youngest daughter, taught school, worked for several Rogers business firms, and in 1918 went to Little Rock to work in the state YMCA office. Later she was secretary to the president of Hendrix College, Dr. Reynolds, and Dec. 1, 1920 married Prof. Chas. J. Greene, then Dean of Men at the college, where he taught for some 40 years. Dr. Greene died in July 1944 and Mrs. Greene still lives in Corway. She has one daughter, Katherine, wife of a Methodist preacher, and a stepson, Jerry Greene of Washington D.C., a well-known newspaper writer.

I could write a book about the various members of these families. Rev. Egbert Andrews, Mrs. Andrews' oldest stepson, is a teacher and

preacher on Formosa. Save for his college years in this country, his life has been spent in China. He was teaching in Manchuria when the second World War started and was for a time a Jap prisoner. After his exchange he was an interpreter with the American and Chinese armies. The other son, Col. John Andrews, served in the Air Corps in North Africa and was shot down in the raid on the Roumanian oil fields. Then a German prisoner until the close of the war. He remained in the Air Force and has served in many capacities -- in Japan and Korea, both as pilot and instructor. He is now in the Pentagon, touring air bases in various parts of Europe and Turkey. A daughter, Henriatta, is now serving her 15th year as a Wycliffe Bible Translator in Mexico, chiefly among the Otomi Indians. The youngest daughter, Dr. Edith Andrews, has worked in a number of hospitals as a specialist, and in 1958 spent a month in Rome at an international gathering of blood specialists. The oldest daughter is married and lives in New Jersey.

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Reading autobiographies of many men and women, I have always been intrigued by the incidents they recall of their very earliest days. Maybe my IQ was low in those early days, for they left no lasting impressions in my memory. Having always lived in towns with good schools and having excellent health, my schooling began when I was only five years old and continued without interruption until I graduated from high school at 16.

I can recall but a single incident of that first school venture in Audubon, Iowa, when I was only five. Returning home from school one day, I saw that the doors and windows of the Presbyterian church were draped with black cloth. When I mentioned it to my mother, she said it was because of President James A. Garfield who had been assassinated in Washington, and the town was to hold memorial services in the church. It meant little to me at the time but it remains a vivid memory.

Moving to Manning at year or so later, I recall that I attended school down-town in an old store building while the school house was being built. Our principal, B.I. Sallinger, became a lawyer and years later became Chief Justice of the Iowa Supreme Court. A classmate of those days was George Cosson, who became Attorney General of Iowa. Another Manning boy, born about that time, was Henry Brunnier, who in 1952 was elected president of Rotary International. Not bad for a little country town of about 1,200 people.

Thanks to my mother, I learned to read very early and reading was one of my chief interests. We children all started with the Youth's Companion, a wonderful publication for young people, and in a few years I was delving into the classics -- especially ancient history. When I reached high school, I seldom found a teacher who had read so widely as I had, and I suspect that fact was one reason why I found them so uninteresting.

Until I was 14 years old I was no taller than the rest of my school mates but then I began to shoot up and when I was in my 15th year I was six feet tall in my stocking feet. And how I hated it that the instructors were forever singling me out as "the biggest boy in school" evidently figuring that because of my size I ought to be the best behaved.

Entering the Manning High School when I was only 11 years old, in the fall of 1888, I would have graduated at 15, but when we moved to Carroll, Iowa, in the spring of 1889 I was much disgusted at having to wait until the fall term to enter the high school there. My four years in high school were interesting, most of the time, but my studies were too easy and I spent much of my spare time in my father's office in the court house where he was Clerk of the Courts. Learning the routine of the office, my interest was centered largely in the court room. The Sheriff's office was in our room and I knew much about the jail where he lived and its inmates and the crimes with which they were charged. Many years later I visited the office and inspected the records to find my name as "assistant clerk" on old marriage licenses. It may not have been legal but no one ever questioned it. The assistant clerk, Wm. Lynch, was a Justice of the Peace, and after I had issued the license, which Father had signed as Clerk, Mr. Lynch would marry the waiting couple while the old Irish janitor and I signed as witnesses.

A real source of income for me was making up lists of Carroll County well-to-do farmers for Eastern concerns who were glad to pay for these names as persons whom they could solicit for the sale of farm machinery. Money was none too plentiful in the 1890s and I have no hesitation now in saying that I was always a willing worker -- if I was getting paid.

A hard-earned \$5 came my way when I entered a young heifer Shorthorn we had raised in the County Fair and won a blue ribbon. That was one of the proudest days of my life. Father said to a friend "Erwin is taking the calf to the Fair today." And the friend replied "I saw them this morning and it looked more like the calf was taking Erwin." I was badly scared when I found we had to parade the winners of ribbons before the grand-stand, but a stockman showed me how to make a noose around the calf's nose and then she acted like a real little lady.

At one time our high school janitor was an old Negro, a G.A.R. veteran named George Washington. George had to hire three or four pupils to do the sweeping and I worked at that job several months. I carried the Daily Sentinel for a year, worked for a friend of ours on his dray wagon, and once a week worked in the hay fields. That was really hard work for a green town boy and my hands were so blistered they put me on the hay rake, where the well-trained horses hardly needed a driver save to dump the rake.

Finally graduation day rolled around and I was out of school, wondering just what came next. The County Superintendent of Schools was a good friend of mine and he told me he had an opening for a teacher in a country school that had been closed three months and had to keep open all summer to qualify for state aid. So the first Monday after my graduation I became a school teacher. I did not hold a license but the Superintendent said I could take the examinations on Saturdays. If I passed, all was well and good; if I failed, I was out and no pay for time taught. You can bet I passed. It was a third-grade license, as I had never taught before. But I got \$30 a month for those hot summer months and if I did not earn the money by my teaching, I did earn it by traveling ten miles each day.

I might add that in 1894 and 1895, while I was editor of the Manning Monitor, I took my vacations by attending the county Teachers Institute, and have two first-class teachers' licenses to show for it. Not

that I ever expected or desired to teach again, but it was a sort of post-graduate course and I found this review most helpful. Ever since then, I have had a sort of fellow feeling for country school teachers, and I felt that I knew at least some of their problems first-hand.

While I have spent my life in journalism, it came as a big surprise to me when I found myself literally pitch-forked into a newspaper job at the beginning of 1894, just after my 17th birthday -- the youngest editor in western Iowa. Father had traded for the Monitor and I went down to work as a compositor, but in a month or two found myself its editor. I had always expected to be a lawyer but I have never had cause to regret entering the newspaper field.

During those years on the Monitor I became a correspondent for a number of city newspapers -- Des Moines, Omaha, Marshalltown, etc. Covering a murder story that went to the Marshalltown Times-Republican I received a personal letter from the editor complimenting me highly. Right then and there I decided maybe I could some day become a reporter on a city paper and I really began to dig in to make good. Before I got very far we had sold the Monitor and moved to Arkansas where I became a real country editor and said goodbye to my ambitions for a city career. It took several years to make that decision and it also is one that I have never had cause to regret.

Once when I was telling a newspaper friend about my becoming editor of an Iowa paper when I was only 17 years old he said "What business did a 17-year-old kid have editing a newspaper, no matter how small the town?" I can't recall that the responsibilities of being an editor worried me ever. Chiefly, I presume, because I did not realize I had any responsibilities as an editor aside from digging up the local news and helping get it printed.

Graduating from the Carroll high school when I was 16, teaching three months in a country school and having spent two weeks in Chicago, I felt well equipped to tackle most anything. Six feet tall -- plenty husky, many people thought I was my father's brother. In Iowa the firm name was Funk & Funk. When we came to Arkansas it became Funk & Son. Father did not appreciate the new name as much as I did, for he at once became "Old Man Funk."

While it is true that in my school days I never anticipated a newspaper career, as I look back now it seems inevitable. Aside from my early love for history and literature, I started the scrapbook habit when about ten years old. Occasionally I look through that first scrapbook. My taste ran rather to sporting events -- racing, prize fights, and track, but there are more serious clippings -- racial riots here and there, unusual accidents, etc.

Even in those formative years I had some very definite ideas of my own. One of my pet gripes while in my teens was the so-called jokes about the poverty of the editor and his pitiful pleas to his readers for financial aid. To me the newspaper was a business, and the editor no more entitled to handouts than the merchant, the braker or the lawyer. Many years later the N.E.A. credited me with originating the slogan "Kill the poverty jokes", and pressing the campaign that made such jokes a thing of the past.

Other types of so-called jokes were those that slandered the step-mother, that poked fun at religion, that cartooned a one-legged man falling down the steps, that laughed at a child's innocence or some unfortunates' handicaps. They were definitely barred from any paper that I edited, and I campaigned against them at all times.

One thing I learned my very first year -- and never did forget. The rival editor in my town was uneducated. We made fun of his spelling and his grammar and his queer headlines. It backfired. I found that the public only laughed at his errors and admired him for his nerve in trying to run a newspaper. He was cashing in on their sympathy. After that I criticized his opinions but never poked fun at his style or his background.

Maybe those early country newspapers did not have impressive equipment, but it is not alone the expensive presses and linotypes that make a successful newspaper. It is the man behind them. And a lot of those country editors had the ideas, the courage, the ambition and the honesty that are still needed in the editorial chair. They were true pioneers -- and they suffered, as do most pioneers. They aimed high and were not too disappointed that their aims were not achieved.

Earlier in these pages I have told of much of my life before I came to Arkansas in April 1896. Those were my teen-age years -- the years when one is growing into manhood. I was only a few months past 19 when we came south but I was a man in size.

My first month in Springdale was spent in cleaning up the little newspaper plant that Father had bought. He went back to Iowa to help move the family to their new home. It was not much of a newspaper that we had bought and the office equipment was a mess. It took some weeks to get the various cases of type sorted, to take an inventory, and to decide what new materials were "musts".

In Iowa I had a fairly well-equipped country plant. And best of all, I had a competent foreman to do the actual printing. In the new office it was all up to me, as Father knew nothing about the work. By the time the family arrived, the new type, rules, press rollers, inks, and other materials had arrived and I had the general lay-out for the first issue of the Springdale Democrat about ready. All Father had to do was get out and solicit advertising, while my sister Grace, a very competent compositor, set the type. All I had to do was write the first editorials, hustle up the local stories, set the ads, make up the forms, and try and master the ancient press.

Hard work and long hours, but I loved every minute of it. With my two sisters we were quickly initiated into the activities of the Presbyterian church and the social life of the little town. It was Free Silver year in the political arena and Father and I were right in the midst of all the local campaigns. We took no sides in the fights for county offices, as we had no special friends among the candidates, but we soon knew all of them. We made frequent trips to Fayetteville, and I made my first acquaintance with University baseball and football teams. All games were played on the front campus, east of Old Main. There were Springdale boys in the band, the military units and on the baseball teams. I attended the Memorial Day ceremonies in Fayetteville, both Union and Confederate, and made lasting friends.

It soon became apparent that Springdale was not large enough to support two newspapers. The News had been in the town a number of years and the editor, John Stafford, was a fine man and locally popular. Our home was right across the street from the Staffords and we were good friends. I have never known a newspaper man I liked and respected more. We did not get too much work (printing) that would otherwise have gone to the News but it was enough to hurt and for a time John Stafford was on the road for a supply house.

We began looking for a new location, preferably in southwest Missouri. It was just an accident that we learned that the Rogers Democrat was for sale. We had never even considered Rogers in our calculations but it was only a few miles away and Father could assist in the management of both papers. In November 1896 I came to Rogers and took over the publishing of the Rogers Democrat. My own thought was that we would sell it at the first opportunity and go to Missouri. But Father sold the Springdale paper first and moved to Rogers early in 1897. Father and Mother made Rogers their home until their death -- Father in 1927 and Mother in 1939. It was just an accident again that I was editor of the Democrat exactly 33 years. But it is no accident that I am still a Rogers citizen after 63 years!

Looking back over those 63 years I am always amazed at the things that have happened -- only a few of which were deliberately planned.

Perhaps many of them came about because I have always had a great curiosity to see what the other fellow was doing. It encouraged my desire to travel but I never wanted to be a tramp printer. My wandering foot was never that itchy.

One ambition was planned for a long pull over the years -- and that was to publish the best weekly newspaper in Arkansas or in the Southwest for that matter. Whether that ambition was ever really realized it is not possible to say, but when I sold the Democrat to Everett Pate and Jim Shofner at the start of 1930 it had won more blue ribbons in both state and national newspaper contests than any other paper in Arkansas.

It took a number of long tough years to acquire the equipment needed to justify our slogan "The newspaper that is always well printed;" to buy our own building and to make a living in the meantime. Miss Mintie and Michael and I were married in November 1903 and we never lived a day in a rented house. It was our lifelong regret that we had no children but it enabled us to travel almost every year and we visited every state in the Union, Alaska, Canada, Mexico and Cuba. The only adventures in which she could not share were my year and a half with the armed forces in the first World War and my trips during my tenure as president of the National Editorial Association.

One early-day activity that took a lot of time and hard work was my 20 years as a football official. Competent officials at the local games was always a problem and I started as a lineman and timekeeper. Then I secured a rule book and began studying it. I talked with officials at the University of Arkansas games, interviewed coaches and players, etc. My football career spanned from 1905 to 1925, when I quit for lack of time. It gave me contacts with many young men I might otherwise never have known and was a welcome if strenuous break in my newspaper routine.

Like most newspaper men in small towns I soon became a regular correspondent for the city papers -- chiefly Kansas City, St. Louis and Memphis. As I gained more experience I found a market for pictures and special articles -- mostly political and horticultural. Coin Harvey and Monte Ne, the battle of Pea Ridge, Father Bandini and Tontitown, W.R. Felker and his railroads, all these were topics that found a ready market. After my return from the A.E.F. in 1919 I decided I could make more money by giving all my time and talent to my own paper and I dropped all ideas of writing and working for the other fellow. But it was a real education for a budding newspaper man and gave me a lot of pleasure and added to my income.

In those early days it seems to me now as though I served as a secretary for about every community activity but I took those jobs because then I did not have to run all around town trying to find someone who knew what this or that group or committee was doing. And when I was not on the committee, my father, E.M. Funk, or my uncle, H.U. Funk usually was a member. Father was my chief source of political news; H.U. knew everything that was going on in the courts; and I was the society editor with the aid of the telephone. I was also the sports editor and agricultural editor. Perhaps I wrote more and knew less about the apple industry than any editor in the Southwest. But one had only to ask questions; the other fellow gave you the stories.

Looking back over my life, for me it divides into four parts -- the years before World War I; the war years 1917-1919; the years 1920 to 1930 when I was most active in the Arkansas Press Association and the National Editorial Association; and the years since I retired from newspaper publishing. The foregoing pages have largely been devoted to the first part.

Perhaps 1917 was the most active year of my life. It was, at least, the most diversified. Aside from my newspaper work, I was the first secretary of the Rogers Rotary Club. Rogers was the smallest town in the world with a Rotary Club and there were many problems and much correspondence. I was secretary of the Arkansas Press Association and we were trying to secure the NEA convention for 1918. It meant trips to Little Rock and a trip to Minneapolis for the NEA convention of that year, and after the convention was assured for Arkansas, more trips to plan for the entertainment. I served as one of the registrars for the first army draft. I became a charter member of the local and Benton County Red Cross; chairman for the first YMCA drive; member of the Arkansas War Work Council; Rogers representative on the Hoover Conservation state organization; and just to make it a really full year, I was elected to the Rogers School Board.

Early in January of 1919 I attended the midwinter meeting of the Arkansas Press Association in Little Rock. It is too long a story to tell of the happenings of the meeting. But a day or two after my return home I received an urgent invitation to come to Little Rock for two or three months as Publicity Director for the Arkansas YMCA. It was not easy to make a decision but when I accepted and went to Little Rock the latter part of January I had no thought that I was to be away from Rogers for a year and a half.

Upon my arrival in Little Rock I was confronted with an additional job and much more responsibility. The National YMCA was starting the

Red Triangle League and I was asked to become Field Secretary, in addition to my publicity work. For several months I had the assistance of several field workers and we covered the state thoroughly. My weekly schedule called for Sunday and Monday at Camp Pike getting material for my weekly letters. (Some 78 Arkansas papers used all or part of them.) Then two or three days out in the state, and Saturday in the office to confer with the field workers. It kept me on the jump but I learned a lot about Arkansas and Camp Pike.

When the state YMCA convention was held in Hot Springs in April, the Tennessee Y offered me a fine job in that state. But while Mrs. Funk and I were considering the offer -- she had come from Rogers for the meeting -- the Y secretary at Camp Pike offered me the position of Publicity Director at Camp Pike and it included editing the camp newspaper, Trench and Camp. I recalled that once when Rev. Tom McSpadden, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Rogers, who later entered Y work as a hut secretary at the camp, urged me to enter Y work, I told him there was only one job that interested me -- that of editor of the camp newspaper. This was supposed to be a joke, as the first editor was from New York City and the next one from Chicago. And now, four months later, I was being offered the position. The Tennessee offer meant a few more dollars but at Camp Pike I was much nearer home and could continue my work as Arkansas Y Publicity Director.

Within a week I was in a Y uniform and installed at Headquarters at Camp Pike. I could write a book about my varied experiences at Camp Pike, which included accompanying three or four troop trains of draft men from various parts of the state; an interesting trip to San Antonio, which was Army and Y headquarters for the entire Southwest; meeting many prominent people who visited and spoke at the Camp; working the camp athletic meets as an official; covering the Camp as a reporter very much as one would cover a town for the local newspaper. I was my own boss, and despite many tilts with the Army censors who read the paper more closely than any of the men, the work was interesting and exciting. That was a hot summer and I lost 20 pounds. After the 87th Division moved out, the work became routine and I thought seriously about quitting and going home.

But late in August a Y recruiting officer visited the Camp seeking volunteers for overseas athletic work. Because I had the largest room in the headquarters he met the Camp athletic directors in my office. Fighting was getting tough in France -- the days of Belleau Woods and Chateau Thierry -- and there was little enthusiasm for getting into the AEF. The meeting wound up when the officer offered me the job, and I accepted and signed the formal application. In a day or two I had a telegram from San Antonio ordering me to report to the War College in Chicago.

Leaving Little Rock on September 9th, I spent a week in Rogers and reported in at the War College in South Chicago near the University of Chicago. The following month was pretty much routine work with the college athletic director, although we had some interesting diversions including a couple of days at the Great Lakes Naval Station after the flu epidemic had disabled many of their Y workers. We were graduated from the War College October 15 -- which really meant we were thrown out to make room for new men. At this distance I can't recall that I

learned anything at the College but at least we went through the motions of studying.

There seemed to be a lot of unnecessary delay in getting our overseas passports -- the usual official red tape. Some of the men went to New York with the idea that they could hurry things up -- which proved a bit of optimism; others went home for a few days -- at their own expense. We made our own choice. I had liked what I had seen at the Great Lakes Naval Station and wanted a look at the Navy, so I volunteered for some athletic experience there. Instead of athletic work I became assistant business manager at the Y building on the main station. They offered me a permanent job but I had started overseas, so told them there was nothing doing.

There was a great difference between the men at the Naval Station and those at Camp Pike. In Camp Pike we had only draft men, from 21 to 30 years old. Many were married and owned their own business. They did not take kindly to army discipline and were not hesitant about saying so on every occasion. At the Navy Station there were only young men, all of them volunteers. They had better than average education. Navy discipline was stricter but I found the officers more courteous and more cooperative with the Y. I found several Benton County boys at the Station and we could run down to Chicago whenever we took the notion. I mean, the Y men could, not the Naval recruits.

November 9 I received orders to report to New York. After a day in Chicago to secure my locker, which had been stored there, I started east. Monday morning, November 11 (Armistice Day) I was awakened in my sleeper at Buffalo by the train whistles. A porter said the peace treaty had been signed and everyone was starting to celebrate. Evidences of celebrations were to be seen in every town and city through which we passed.

My own personal problem during those morning hours was whether to resign and go home or stick it out for the duration. It was at least partially solved when my seat-mate from a West Point junction to New York City was an elderly army colonel. He said that athletic directors would be needed in the AEF more than ever at this time, as the men would be free of combat duties and anxious to get back home. He urged me to stay with the army.

Arriving in New York early in the afternoon I went direct to Hotel Bristol, our headquarters for overseas men. They told me all offices were closed and the rest of the day was all mine. The rest of Armistice Day was spent on Broadway watching the parades and huge crowds that packed the downtown streets. It was pandemonion everywhere and the most hilarious crowd I ever saw. Late in the evening the crowds became too boisterous for me, so I called it a day and went to my hotel.

After registering the next day at headquarters and getting my passport, our group was sent to Columbia University for a week of intensive training. Forenoons were spent in classrooms and afternoons at the 168th Street Armory, where some 400 men were divided into groups of 40 men each for active work in a variety of games. I was appointed captain of one group which ranged in size from a 225-pound man to a Chinese student who weighed only 85. I thought it a waste of time and

energy and it put some of the men in the hospital. These were not men for athletic work and they just could not take it.

I sailed from New York at noon on November 23 on the Cunarder Orduna. By a lucky turn of fate I had a stateroom all to myself for the ten-day trip. And a real bed instead of a bunk. Save for the last day or two we had a smooth trip, which I appreciated because I am a very poor sailor. Among the passengers on the Orduna was the Crown Prince of Denmark and a staff of officers. One day I was lucky enough to be invited to accompany the Prince on his walk on the deck. He had been at the Great Lakes and I had given him the Station magazine which carried a number of his pictures taken during the visit. He had not seen the magazine before, and seemed pleased when I gave it to him.

Our big adventure of the trip came Sunday night, December 1, in the British Channel. Our group in the rear lounge was standing at the close of a service by a Brooklyn pastor and he said "We thank Thee, Oh Lord, for our safe journey across the troubled seas." As he said "Amen" a dull shock was felt. I grabbed for a knob to the door that led to the deck. When I pulled the door open I could see a ship that seemed at right angle across our path. It was 9 o'clock and quite dark save for the lights from the Orduna.

It was a big oil tanker, the Kornoka, and the Orduna struck her broad side right at her engine room, killing eight of her crew. We watched our crew transfer the crew from the doomed tanker. She sank at 3 a.m. Delayed by the accident and slowed down to a crawl by the water surging in and out of a big hole in our bow, we landed in Liverpool December 3rd, a full day late, but thankful at that. About 6 we reached the famous "Rest Camp" at Winchester, southwest of London -- known to thousands of servicemen. On the wall of our barracks I found the names of men from Camp Pike and several from Benton County. We spent the rest of the week at Winchester.

Sunday night, December 8, we sailed for Havre, France, via Southampton. We had been warned the Channel would be a rough trip but we were so jam-packed on the small ship we had no trouble save the loss of sleep. December 11 found us in Paris and located in a good-enough hotel -- packed to the limit and most of us given cots.

Y headquarters were at No. 48 Rue D'Agusseau, not too far from the heart of things. But the arrival of a bunch of new Y men was quite overshadowed by the preparations being made for the triumphant entry of President Woodrow Wilson and party on December 14. There is no space to tell of Wilson's entry into Paris, escorted by General Pershing and many French and British military leaders. All I can say is it was a beautiful day and the largest crowd I ever saw in my life.

Somewhere during this time I was assigned to Chaumont, headquarters of the US First Army and of General Pershing and aides. I got to Chaumont December 12 in a downpour of rain. It was announced that President Wilson would spend Christmas Day in Chaumont as the guest of General Pershing. That meant another week of waiting on my part for an assignment in the field. If I had to spend Christmas so far from home, that was a very fine place to do it and I had a marvelous time despite the snow and rain.

Friday, December 27, I was sent to Nogent-en-Bassigny, headquarters for the Fifth Army Corps, and on the 30th to my first real assignment at Vicq, 103 Heavy Field Artillery of the Yankee Division. It was a typical little French village and not one single modern convenience save those brought in by the American army. I found myself in an old French barrack, quartered with Joe Minaut, a Russian, the company barber. I slept on my cot, messed with the men, stood in line for chow in the rain and snow and mud, and fared no better than any other private. I was tickled to death by the chance to live with the fighting men and see how they fared.

My experience at Vicq was over when the 26th moved back to LeMans and I went back to Chaumont for re-assignment. When I walked into the office of the athletic director at Chaumont, after making a 20-mile hike with the outfit to reach the railhead, he greeted me with "Hello, Hobo." I asked "How come?" and he said drivers had reported meeting me all over the district. Then he really jolted me by asking "How would you like to be athletic director of the 29th Division?" From running a tiny canteen in Vicq to heading up the athletic work in a division of some 30,000 men, that was a fine promotion. Of course I never hesitated a minute and said "Fine".

January 29th found me reporting to Colonel Minegrode of the 29th Division, who headed the Athletic, Educational, Religious and Entertainment activities. Chaplain Ted Withington was army athletic officer at that time but I saw a number of them come and go. Our headquarters town was Bourbonne les Baines. The athletic office was in an old four-story hotel. My room was in an old chateau and my mess was at the Y division headquarters. I had my own car (a model T Ford) and an Army man as my driver. It was hard to realize that only a few days previous I had been a "Hobo".

My three months with the 29th were among the most interesting of my life. Whenever the weather allowed my time was spent out in the area occupied by the 29th Division. Bourbonne is in the Haute Marne district in the foothills of the Vosges mountains. Within a few weeks my driver and I knew every outfit in the division and every road that was passable, as well as some that were not. But there was one difference between my work at Vicq and with the 29th -- I was no longer in contact with the men. My duties brought me in contact only with the athletic officers of the many segments that went to make up a division in those days. Four infantry regiments of 5,000 men each; the artillery with some 5,000 men; supply trains, ammunition trains, medical units, engineering, sanitary, or what have you. Even more difficult than securing equipment was overseeing an equitable distribution of the same among all these various units. Someone was always griping -- but so what?

The first of May the 29th moved back to the west coast on its way home. It moved while I was on my vacation. I can't tell of that wonderful trip save to say that after a couple of days in Paris to see the AEF boxing finals (where I first saw Gene Tunney fight) I went to Bordeaux, Bayonne, Biarritz, the Spanish border, Pau, several days in the heart of the Pyrenean mountains, Lourdes, Carcassonne, west to the Mediterranean at Cette. A day at Neims, Avignon, Lyon, Dejon.

My driver and car were waiting for me at Chaumont and we went back to Bourbonne to pick up my locker, roll-up and baggage. In Paris the athletic office said I was slated for Germany but would have to sign up for a full year. When I said Nothing doing, they offered me three months in Luxemburg with the 6th -- a regular army division. Part of the 6th was in Luxemburg, part back on the coast, and I think all the officers were in Paris. The movement of the division depended upon the outcome of the peace negotiations.

After three weeks of waiting and sightseeing, including three days in Rheims and adjoining battlefields, I asked and secured my release. That was the latter part of May. I wrote my wife that I would be home in a week or two. Actually I arrived in Rogers July 9th after spending a most enjoyable month on the coast in Normandy and Brittany at St. Quay and San Malo. Enjoyable with many interesting trips to points of interest, both historic and scenic, but like everyone else I wanted to get home. I sailed from Brest on the Leviathan June 29th and was in New York July 5th. And home on the morning of July 9th.

Within a couple of weeks after my return from France I bought the half interest of my father, E. M. Funk, in the Democrat. During our partnership that covered 25 years, he had been business manager. He had found running a newspaper without competent help tiresome and disappointing in financial payoff, and he thought we ought to sell. When we agreed upon a price to ask for the plant, I offered to buy his half on that basis. He was willing and I took over, with Mrs. Funk handling the bookkeeping and circulation records.

The office equipment was run-down owing to a lack of competent help during my 18-months absence. Most of it had to be junked. A linotype had been purchased that summer but additional magazines and type fonts were needed. We needed a new folder, a larger job press, motors for the jobbers; in fact, it looked as though a whole new office was needed before we could really get going. The last half of 1919 and all of 1920 were tough years so far as long hours were concerned but there was no lack of work. I made more money in 1920 -- when the business world was talking depression -- than any succeeding year, but I did it by doing the work of two or three men.

By 1921 our financial worries were over and with competent help in the office, Mrs. Funk and I took a vacation -- a month in Florida and Cuba, with the National Editorial Association. From that time on, we tried to get in a real trip every year -- usually with the NEA. I renewed my activities with the Arkansas Press Association (I had resigned as secretary in 1918) and was elected president at El Dorado in 1924.

The following year at Richmond, Va., I was elected to the Board of Directors of the National Editorial Association, and in May 1928, at Memphis I was elected president. Unless one has tackled such positions one can have little idea of how much correspondence, how much travel, and how much speaking it entails. My records show that in three years I attended some 75 conventions, special meetings and conferences in 28 states. Night after night on a sleeper, banquet after banquet, often speaking two or three times a day to such widely different groups as high school press association, school of journalism, civic clubs, the

General Assemblies of Nebraska and Wyoming, advertising associations, and of course continually to newspaper gatherings.

When did I find time to edit the Democrat? I really will never know but its circulation kept growing and it kept winning Blue Ribbons and other prizes. At home, many times I worked all night. It is small wonder that when I laid down the president's gavel in Wyoming in the summer of 1929 I was almost a physical wreck.

During the fall of 1929 my physician, Dr. George M. Love, kept insisting that I get out of the office and take a long vacation. I was steadily losing weight and was dead-tired all the time. Medicines were of no help. And so when in November Everett W. Pate and James P. Shofner offered to buy the Democrat plant, I was in a receptive mood. The thought of leasing the plant, or hiring some one to take over for me, did not appeal to me. And so I sold to them and stepped out. It was just in time, for two months later an attack of flu and erysipelas hit me hard and I came close to death.

When I was on my feet again, I found I could do very little walking or working, but I could drive my car. And so Mrs. Funk and I hit the road and by 1940 we had visited every state in the Union save three. We had visited every state in our travels for the NEA except the New England states of Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire, and we saw those on our last long trip in 1940.

In my own car we went where we wanted to go and stayed as long as we liked. We had no schedules to meet except to reach convention cities--Rotary and NEA -- by a certain date and we always started early enough to have plenty of time for visiting or sightseeing.

We visited practically every city of any size in the nation; were in the capitol buildings of 45 states. I think my greatest interest was in visiting all the better-known colleges and universities, both state and private. We saw most of the national parks before World War II cut off tires and gasoline, and then Mrs. Funk's long illness precluded any more long and tiring trips.

These years were not wholly without other activities besides traveling. At the beginning of 1930 I went to Fayetteville as managing editor of the Daily Leader, owned by an Oklahoma oil man, Scotty Taylor. That work was the fulfillment of a curious prophecy. When Prof. John Casey of the School of Journalism at the University of Oklahoma named me as a member of the "All-American Newspaper Eleven" of 1929, he placed me at guard as Managing Editor for the team. At the time I was president of the Rogers Rotary Club and it took a lot of driving to keep both positions under control. I had so many fine friends in Fayetteville and at the University that it was one of the most pleasing three months I ever experienced.

The end of the Leader came when Taylor decided to close the plant owing to business reverses in his oil investments and to belated realization that Fayetteville was not large enough for two daily papers. So I returned to Rogers, to suffer a relapse and a second attack of erysipelas that laid me up for the balance of the year. Doctors tell me that my particular type of erysipelas was a nervous affliction

brought about by too great strain on my physical resources, which I, in my ignorance, thought could never be depleted.

Mrs. Funk and I drove out to the west coast in 1932 and spent four months there, attending the Rotary International convention at Seattle and the National Editorial Association at San Francisco and Los Angeles, as well as the Olympic Games at Los Angeles. While walking still troubled me, I found my troubles no handicap in driving 10,000 miles that year. In May we again visited the University of Missouri for Journalism Week and I was again on the program of speakers.

Late in 1933, President Roosevelt and his staff of advisers had a brain storm and began exploiting the NRA (National Recovery Administration) and its familiar Blue Eagle. Every industry was to adopt a code of business ethics. The idea was that it would cure unemployment, which it never did. I was named Code chairman for Rogers by some misguided individual in Little Rock. The local chairman did exactly nothing -- with my hearty consent.

However, to my great surprise I landed right in the middle of the mess early in 1934 when the Arkansas Press Association elected me as Code Administration Manager for the Newspaper Code Authority of Arkansas. That was a full-time job and so I became a resident of Little Rock from March until late in December. The problems encountered in overseeing some 300 job and newspaper offices in the state were many. The results of our labor were never satisfactory to anyone and I hated every minute of it. My travels took me all over the state, as well as to the NEA meeting in Columbia, Mo., and to a Newspaper Code meeting in St. Louis. I had no trouble putting another 10,000 miles on my car that year.

The correspondence was terrific but I had efficient office help. But I had to read and OK everything. It made me an authority on Arkansas geography as we had to list and check every editor and publisher in the state. Mrs. Funk came to Little Rock the first of October when the long hot summer was over and we secured an apartment and made a real vacation of the rest of the year. By that time I was fed up on the whole thing and resigned December 15th and we came back to Rogers to get a rest.

The first week in January I was in Little Rock attending the mid-winter meeting of the Arkansas Press Association and making my report on the activities of the Code Authority for 1934, with suggestions for the future. Before the meeting was over I received a telegram from Chicago asking me to come there at once and meet with the officers of the National Editorial Association. There was no intimation of what they wanted, but as the telegram said they would pay my expenses, I left for Chicago without returning to Rogers.

They asked me to go to Washington at once as the legislative representative of the NEA and outlined in a general way what they hoped could be accomplished. For a country editor that was really a plunge into the unknown. But they offered me a good salary and after some hesitation I accepted. I was not quite sure what it was all about but it did offer some interesting experiences in Washington and a chance to see the legislative wheels go round.

Home to pack my trunk and look after personal matters, a week later found me in Washington as a participant in legislative squabbles instead of as a spectator on former visits to the national capital. Most of my work was in the Senate hearings on bills that affected the newspaper industry, although at times I attended House hearings and open forums. Among my activities were presenting briefs on pure food laws, hours and wages, the Wagner Labor Bill, the N.R.A.-- any bill that the NEA office thought was worthy or harmful. All final decisions were in the hands of the Chicago office. It was not up to me to tell them what to do. Every day I was meeting Senators and Congressmen who had been only names to me. As I have said before, one could write a book about such matters and I know that I did make many long reports. There is no place for them here. Or of the side trips: a day at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, a visit to the home of my ancestors at Hagerstown, Md., and the old cemetery at Funkstown, the Cherry Blossom Festival, my hours in the Congressional Library, the art museums, etc.

By the last of May I was ready to call it quits. I came home, got my car and Mrs. Funk, and we went to New Orleans to the Golden Anniversary meeting of the National Editorial Association. This was followed by a conference of NEA officers at Gulfport, Miss., where I said I could not go back to Washington. One reason was my health, for the damp, chilly climate was too hard on my throat and I was suffering greatly with bronchial trouble which dated from my winter in France. I had seen enough of Washington to last me forever, and while it was a liberal education it did not appeal to me. I am not a politician and while I met many fine men there was too much bickering, too much of "you vote for my bill and I'll vote for yours". In the year 1935 there was too much kowtowing to labor and too little thought of the public or the tax payer. As a while it was a satisfying experience and as it was the last paying job I ever held, I am glad it was in Washington. That was a fine place to write Finis!

While I was still at Fayetteville early in 1931, County Judge Dave Compton named me as Benton County representative on a northwest Arkansas committee to meet with a Red Cross worker to secure aid in caring for the unemployed of this area. This was the winter that Will Rogers came to Rogers and raised over \$1,000 for the relief fund. When I returned to Rogers in April I found that I had been made a member of the committee, with Newt Walker, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and J. S. Elder, to handle the local funds, and of course I was stuck with the job of secretary.

When the need for assistance continued, Walker and I re-organized the Rogers Relief Association and I was named president, with Win Croxdale secretary-treasurer, with me as a general manager or director. With the cooperation of local powers we secured some \$500 from the closed banks, through State Bank Commissioner Marion Wasson and Chancellor Lee Seamster. All monies were pledged to relief work and we aided many families.

Some time in 1933 a fast-talking field secretary from the Red Cross headquarters in St. Louis persuaded me to take over the Rogers branch of the Benton County Red Cross. I was to head it only until someone else could be secured, but I held the job of secretary-treasurer for

the next 18 years. Dr. George M. Love was president but I did all the work. To complicate things, the administration instituted the Emergency Relief Association which worked largely through the Red Cross after the first month or two. I kept no record of the amount of clothing we handled.

My chief activity during the 30s was trying to keep deserving children in school and see that they had shoes, stockings and coats. One winter we gave away some 200 pairs of shoes and tried to keep them in repair. Aid was usually given only upon recommendation from the school principals and teachers. The local Red Cross established a loan chest supplied with sheets, gowns, shirts, towels, etc., chiefly for homes where there was sickness. After the first year, when it was supervised by the late Miss Bess McNeil, it also came to my office. In 1935 I had been appointed to the Benton County Welfare Board and served the limit, six years. That meant trips to Bentonville every week or two for my entire term.

When the second World War got under way, the Red Cross work really became my major activity -- subject to call 24 hours a day and seven days a week. As Red Cross chairman for the east side of Benton County my area varied from six to ten townships. During the Red Cross drive my townships raised nearly \$25,000 and I had to keep the books and handle all funds. It took a lot of work. The credit did not go to me but to the township chairmen who did the collecting, and they did a most praiseworthy job.

When the WPA started the sewing rooms at a number of places in the county, County Judge Joe Beasley asked me to handle the distribution for the east end of the county. When the books were closed, my office had distributed over 6,000 articles of clothing, rugs, etc., and our card index carried some 600 names to whom assistance was given. The ware-room was in the court house under the supervision of the Welfare Department and was no part of the Red Cross work. When the local rooms opened for the making of surgical dressings, my job was to furnish the rooms and get the supplies. That was a Red Cross activity.

Then I was named as Benton County representative on the Base Hospital Red Cross Council at Camp Chaffee, near Fort Smith. That meant a long trip every month and continued until the war was over. Then the Council moved to the Veterans Hospital in Fayetteville and I worked there until 1950 when I resigned because of the illness of Mrs. Funk and the need to be more at home. Both of these activities meant helping secure gifts and magazines and material for vocational work. Rogers citizens were wonderful in their cooperation in every Red Cross and Welfare project and I could not have gotten to first base without it. Rogers sent almost a ton of reading material to Camp Chaffee and the Veterans Hospital and the truck lines carried it all for free. But I had to do the collecting and packing. The only thing that ever peeved me was to have someone say "I suppose you are having a dull time of it since you retired from the Democrat."

As Mrs. Funk became worse I resigned from the Red Cross and gave up my regular hours at the office. I figured that almost 20 years was long enough for one man to stay in welfare work without a cent of profit. And I wore out a couple of cars. No more long trips after 1940.

After that most of the mileage was between Rogers and Fort Smith, Bentonville and in the country around Rogers. While I got a lot of satisfaction out of these years of welfare work and was glad to be in a position to serve the needy of the community, enough got to be too much.

In 1935 Mrs. Funk and I were appointed to the Board of Directors of the Rogers Public Library -- Mrs. Funk representing the Women's Progressive Club and I representing the Rotary Club. In 1940 I was named president and am now serving my 19th year in that capacity. Today it is my only community work, unless one can call my contributions to the Pioneer, the publication of the Benton County Historical Society community work. That is work that I can do at my desk with the aid of my scrapbooks and files of clippings.

When a man gets to be 82 years old there is a limit to his activities unless he is some sort of a superman. I am not in that category. I think the only real virtue I have ever had was a willingness to work and to learn.

After Mrs. Funk's death in September 1953, I did a lot of traveling--north, south, east and west. But traveling alone is not too much fun and after I had made the rounds from Chicago to New Orleans, from Philadelphia to California, and points between, I was quite willing to admit that my traveling days are over. Hereafter I shall travel only in my memories of the bygone days. They were good days, full days, and they have left me with a wealth of memories and a lot of fine friends. What more can a man ask?

TRAVEL NOTES

Editor's Note

When Erwin Funk was asked to name his hobbies, he always included "conventions." Rotary, newspaper, agricultural, political, all kinds of conventions. He missed only two Arkansas Press Association conventions in his 64 years of membership in that organization. He attended National Editorial Association conventions from New York to Seattle and from San Francisco to Miami. And always he wrote detailed accounts of the meetings he attended. Usually he was on the program. He made his first radio talk May 25, 1927, at Hot Springs and gave his first television interview June 19, 1940, in New York. At the end of each year he would recapitulate, thus:

	Banquets	Luncheons	Addresses	Short Talks	
1927	10	24	10	15	
1928	12	19	5	22	
1929	25	50	23	43	
1930	16	32	6	12	
1931	5	18	6	18	etc.

To show his terrific pace, here are two samples of his schedule, for 1927 and 1928. The heading over these annual schedules was always -- "Extra Activities Aside from My Main Job as Editor-Publisher of the Rogers Democrat."

W. J. Lemke

1927

- Jan. 2 -- Rotary at Springdale
 12 -- Attend Rotary Inter-City meeting at Fort Smith
 14-15 Attend Oklahoma Press Assn. at Oklahoma City; on program
 29 -- Father dies
- Feb 12 -- Lincoln Day banquet
 17 -- Speaker at Rotary Inter-City meeting at Joplin
- Mar. 10 -- At Avoca for Apple Blossom meeting
 18 -- Speak at Kiwanis meeting
 21 -- Bentonville for Circuit Court
 27 -- Mintie and I to Monte Ne with the Clio Harpers
- Apr. 2 -- District editorial meeting at Bentonville; on program
 14 -- Apple Blossom Festival; attend Queen's Banquet
 22 -- New Hope; Promotion Day program
 24-26 District Rotary Conference at Tulsa; make formal report; attend luncheons, banquet, etc.
- May 8-9 -- Rotary Assembly at Fort Scott; make formal address
 24-29 -- Arkansas Press convention at Hot Springs; broadcast my first radio addresses from KTHS.
- June 12-16 NEA convention at Omaha; occupy pulpit of First Christian Church in morning; broadcast from WOW in afternoon.
 15 -- Elected vice-president and make acceptance speech.
 16 -- Banquet
 17 -- Speak at Chadron, Hot Springs, S.D.
 18 -- Black Hills where I meet President and Mrs. Coolidge
 19 -- Deadwood. 20 -- Spearfish, Belle Fourche, Sturgis
 21 -- Rapid City, Borghlum
 22 -- Torrington, Wyoming -- speak at Rotary
 23 -- Sidney, North Platte, Cozad. 24 -- Grand Island, Hastings.
 25 -- Lincoln, meet Governor Chas. Bryan
 26 -- Kansas City
- July 22 -- Tell Camp Joyzelle girls of my trip through Black Hills
- Aug. 4 -- Fayetteville for Farmers Week program
 18-19 Chicago; visit Rotary offices and Adventurers Club
 20 -- Detroit; meeting of State Press managers
 21 -- Detroit; dinner at Masonic Temple
 22 -- Visit General Motors where lunch
 25 -- Visit Ford plant and ride in Stout airplane
 26 -- St. Louis
 30 -- Tell Rogers Rotary Club about my Detroit visit
- Sept. 2 -- Attend Ozark Press Assn. at Monett; speak for NEA
 17 -- District editorial meeting at Monte Ne and I preside
- Oct. 5 -- Bentonville, poultry meeting
 14 -- Bentonville, speaker at Rotary meeting
 16 -- War Eagle with Bivins and Park
 26 -- Blue and Gray Reunion at Elkhorn Tavern
 27-29 Attend Missouri Press Assn at Joplin; on program twice and also speak at banquets at Joplin and Carthage.
- Dec. 15-18 Texas High School Press meeting at Belton, Texas; also a meeting of Texas newspaper publishers. Speak at banquet, at chapel, in three business sessions, and deliver formal address.
 19 -- Main address at annual banquet of Rogers Hose Co. No. 1

1928

- Jan. 22 -- Wrote article for Publisher's Auxiliary
Feb. 11 -- Arkansas Press Assn. meeting in Little Rock
22 -- Toastmaster George Washington banquet at Methodist Church
27 -- Work on drive for Lane Hotel bonus
Mar. 3 -- Northwest Arkansas Press Association at Fayetteville
31 -- Mutual Aid Union protest meeting at Fayetteville
Apr. 1 -- Contest judge for Texas College Press Assn.
9 -- Monte Ne for story of storm
11 -- Laying of cornerstone for court house at Bentonville
13 -- Community Club dinner at Lowell
14 -- Rural Promotion Day at Garfield
22-24 District Rotary Conference at Pittsburg, Kansas;
Chairman of several committees.
28 -- Contest judge for Arkansas College Press Assn.
May 23-26 Memphis, with Press Field Managers of U.S.
27-30 Memphis, NEA meeting; elected President; Tennessee Press
luncheon; speech of acceptance, etc.; Memphis Rotary Club
luncheon.
31 -- Respond to address of welcome at Marianna, Ark.
June 1 -- Speak at Corinth, Miss; 2. at Florence, Ala. and Columbia,
Tenn.; 3. at Manchester and Monteagle; 4. at Lookout Mtn.
and Chattanooga; 5. at Etowah; 6. at Univ. of Tennessee,
Knoxville; 7. at Johnson City; 8. interview Alvin York at
Crossville; 9. Nashville
June 21 -- First NEA Bulletin Letter
26 -- Farewell talk at Rotary as Rotary secretary
Aug. 13 -- Tontitown Grape Festival
14 -- Speak at Rotary
Sept 6-14- Chicago and St. Paul; preside at meeting of Board of
Directors NEA; principal speaker at St. Paul Rotary Club;
attend Minnesota State Fair.
17 -- Attend opening of Circuit Court at Bentonville
26 -- Attend road meeting at Bentonville
30 -- Complete "NEA Program" for Illinois press meeting
Oct. 3 -- Bentonville Fair
8 -- Press Day at Arkansas State Fair, Little Rock
9 -- Spend day in Conway
10 -- Back to Little Rock
11-12 Journalism Week at University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.;
also meeting of Illinois Press Assn.; speak on regular
program and two banquets.
13 -- Chicago: Navy vs Notre Dame football game
27 -- Arkansas homecoming game at Fayetteville
30 -- Inspect court house at Bentonville
Nov. 12 -- Dedication of court house
16-17 St. Louis: Missouri Press Assn.; on program
18-20 West Baden, Indiana; International Advertising Assn.
21 -- St. Louis: write letters to Board of Directors; article for
NEA Bulletin; story for Rogers Democrat;
26 -- Attend Springdale Rotary Club
Dec. 6-7 -- Joplin, to see "The Singing Fool"

TRAVEL NOTES

(Editor's note: Erwin Funk's "Travel Notes" are fascinating reading. There's a bound book of notes for every year. The following is a typical entry. -- WJL)

Oct. 5, 1837 - Carlsbad, New Mexico

Do you remember my telling once how Mintie said with great delight, "Thank goodness, we are back in the South" when a waiter in Dallas called her "Honey." She discovered the western type of waiter the other day when we alked into a cafe and the waitress came up and said, "Hello!" At first Mintie feared I was meeting an old friend, but that was her regular greeting to patrons.

I came out (of Carlsbad Cavern) with the last government Ranger, at the tail end of the procession, and his job was to turn out the lights and pep up the lame and the halt and see that they got out of the cave. One middle-aged woman from Maine was just about all in. She asked the Ranger what he would do if she dropped in her tracks. He was ready for her. "It will cost you \$5 for each Ranger who has to help carry you to the surface." That brought her to life in a hurry. We had no more talk from her with regard to fainting.

(Editor's note: Here are some notes that Erwin Funk wrote in 1938 when he and Mrs. Funk attended the NEA convention in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. -- WJL*)

June 13, 1938 - Evansville, Indiana

Our longest stop today was at Vincennes. Tomorrow they will unveil the new Lincoln shrine, which is at the side of the highway on the Illinois side of the Wabash River. I knew about the unveiling and stopped to look at the site, never dreaming they would let us pull aside the coverings and see the big bronze statue and the bas-relief carvings. The architect in charge said, "Sure, you can see it!" So I called Mintie and we had a pre-view. The stone work has been ready a long time but the bronze statue of Lincoln, life size or bigger, was set up only last Saturday. It was the first statue I had ever seen of Lincoln as a 21-year-old youth. The carved background shows too ox-drawn wagons bringing the Lincoln belongings from Kentucky to Illinois. They are supposed to have crossed the Wabash here. Anyhow, they could have crossed here.

June 14, 1938 - Paoli, Indiana

It was almost 3 o'clock when we left for the Lincoln memorial park and visited the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln and the site of the Lincoln Cabin. It is a state park now and the grounds are being fixed up in wonderful shape. We kept losing time because I insisted upon visiting with everyone I met and Mintie pokes me and gives me black looks. But that is why I travel and I get more kick out of the People I meet than I do out of the scenery or places.

June 15, 1938 - Bardstown, Kentucky

Our first stop of the afternoon was at Fort Knox, some 25 miles south of Louisville, where the Treasury Department has buried most of the gold it grabbed from the public a year or two ago. There is nothing very imposing about the stone building that stands over the vaults and I am told that, like an iceberg, nine-tenths of the masonry and steel are under the ground. It stands near the highway and is surrounded by a high steel fence. I did not try to crawl over or under it. It was too hot. Fort Knox made me think of Camp Pike and army days -- so many men in uniform and the same old alibi, "I just got here, Mister, and don't know nothing about anything."

June 16 - Georgetown, Kentucky

This has been a hectic day -- not so much because of the program I had laid out for us but because of car trouble. Today I had to pay a couple of fellows to undo what I paid a man to do yesterday. Visited the old Cathedral at Bardstown with its paintings by VanDyck, Murillo, Rubens and others. Visited "The Old Kentucky Home", where Stephen Foster wrote most of the songs that made him famous. Then drove to Harrodsburg, the oldest town in Kentucky, containing a replica of the old fort as it stood 200 years ago.

June 17, 1938 - Lexington, Kentucky

Visited Frankfort, Winchester and Richmond (Berea College).

June 18, 1938 - Ashland, Kentucky

There wasn't much opportunity to talk with the students on the campus of the University of Kentucky. I did ask one young man why it was that most of the girls carried an armful of books while I did not see a single young man carrying a book. He said it was because the men had more sense than the girls.

June 21, 1938 - Greenbrier Hotel, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia

NEA Convention.

June 28 - Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Spent one night at Harper's Ferry. Our hotel, Hill Top Inn, was on the banks of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers -- hardly a quarter mile from the junction. I got quite a kick out of our landlord at Hill Top Inn. He kept telling us that unless one's folks had lived here for at least 50 years, they were just newcomers. I said "All my grandparents and great-grandparents lived within 50 miles of Harpers Ferry. In fact, they helped build the first ferry. And my grandmother's name was Newcomer." Then I added: "Did you ever hear of Funkstown, just out of Hagerstown? Well, my name is Funk." Everybody in this section knows of the Funks and Newcomers and I heard no more out of the aforesaid landlord.

The National Editorial Association had a week's bus tour -- in eight Greyhound busses.

At Parkersburg we met ex-Governor A.B. White, the oldest living past president of the National Editorial Association. He succeeded Bettis of Little Rock in 1888. Bettis and I are the only NEA presidents from Arkansas, and White and Bob Pritchard are the only presidents from West Virginia, a fact that seemed to interest him very much. He is quite feeble and made us a short talk. I gave the response, as the senior past-president on the tour. He came near being my undoing, as I had to hold the radio microphone in my hand and could make none of my usual gestures. The old man (he is 83) sat there on the platform with tears streaming down his face and made me feel as though I was delivering a funeral oration. And he kept saying "That's the God's truth, Funk."

Mrs. Roosevelt ate dinner with us in the school gymnasium and sat only a few feet from Mintie and me. She wore a blue roll sailor hat (Mintie thinks it is the one she bought for Easter and could not wear because of the arin). She had on a red dress, an ugly shade, but Mintie was more concerned because Eleanor wore blue shoes with that red dress. She is much better looking than her photographs.

June 30, 1938 - Winston-Salem, North Carolina

I spent a couple of hours going through the great Reynolds tobacco factories. They make Camel cigarettes. When I went to the office on the 19th floor, they said it was too late to join the groups that were being shown through by guides. But I pulled one of my old Washington cards on them, as Washington representative of the NEA, and they gave me a pass and a special guide.

It is the most wonderful lot of automatic machinery I have ever seen anywhere. Row after row of machines, in room after room, and on several floors, are turning out cigarettes by the hundreds of millions. I saw everything and asked my guide so many questions that he had to turn me over to a mechanic, who really knew what the machines were doing and, more important, just how and why they did it. I could have spent a week in the plant just looking at the machinery and finding out how they print the imprint on the cigarettes, how they sharpen the knives that cut the cigarettes into even lengths, how the inspectors detect the slightest imperfection in weight or wrapping.

(Editor's note: Their 1940 tour took the Funks to New York for the NEA convention and the World's Fair. Here are some typical paragraphs from the 1940 note-book. -- WJL)

June 11, 1940 - Brownsville, Pennsylvania

Enroute to NEA convention in New York City.

Spending the night in Brownsville, a small town between Uniontown and Washington. We are 1,004 miles on our way. Sunday was our big day (425 miles) and we stopped an hour in Rolla, another hour in St. Louis and an hour in Indianapolis. Today we have been in London, Ohio, to visit an NEA friend; stopped an hour or two in Columbus, and two hours for dinner in Zanesville.

June 14 - Philadelphia

When we hit Maryland we began to have car trouble -- the clutch -- and the car went dead on a hill in a little town. We rolled the car -- or, rather, it rolled itself -- right into a garage where for 25 cents we were fixed up and ran merrily along to Hagerstorn...The manager had

a man take us in his own car to Funkstown, to the old cemetery that I had visited in 1935. We inspected all the gravestones and while we did not find any Funks, we found Newcomers and Millers and Keifers and Stonebreaker and other relatives. We visited the old Dunkard Cemetery, overgrown with weeds and briars, and I took a picture of the old Dunkard meeting house. I got stuck with Mollie Schilling Weber (84) who did her darndest to tell me her life history and that of Funkstown. We bought some fresh strawberries, drank cokes and invested in some old-fashioned licorice in the country store. We interviewed all the clerks until we became the town nuisances. But - we have seen Funkstown!

June 16 - Hotel Lincoln, New York City

We were all up bright and early on Saturday and caught an 8:35 train for Atlantic City -- the Funks, Andrews and Marshalls, six of us. Two hours later we were at the Andrews domicile and the gabfest and fun started. It sounded like the good old days when the Funks were all at home and had visitors. Everybody talked at once and the Andrews kids (Grace, John, Henri and Edith) reported on the progress of affairs while Edwin and Grace had been in Philadelphia.

We got into our bathing suits and hit for the beach, only a couple of blocks away. I don't think we were on the beach an hour but what it did to me was a sin and shame. I have some nicely burned shoulders and a neck that asks to be handled with care. And the top of my head!! No fool like an old fool -- but I wouldn't have missed the fun for twice the itch!

By the time we had a shower and were back in our clothes at the house, lunch was ready. The dining room was too small for such a gang, so Grace served it buffet style. We were eating all over the apartment. I loved every one of the Andrews and have no favorite... Nothing we can see or do on the entire trip will give me more pleasure than our day with the Andrews children. They never quarrel and they are courteous and considerate of each other and of their parents. It is one of my great regrets that we live so far away that we cannot see them more often.

We made our first and only stop between Germantown and New York at Princeton and we all fell in love with the beautiful grounds. We were there several hours and met a student, a Californian named Anderson, who acted as a guide and gave us a lot of detailed information about the University, some of which I appreciated but most of which was as useless as a hair comb is to me this morning. I told Mintie to hunt me up one of those soft-bristled baby brushes.

We hated to leave but finally got away and had lunch at a roadside inn. Fine 4-lane highways all the way from Philadelphia to New York and while traffic was heavy, it was easy. We came through the Holland Tunnel up to the hotel with no more trouble than getting out of a football crowd in Rogers, Arkansas.

June 18

At 12:15 we left on a special subway train for the Fair Grounds and did not get home until 11 at night. Maybe I have just seen too many Fairs but I do not find this one as attractive as the Chicago Fair. It's messier and more jumbled. We spent a half hour or more motoring around the grounds and then went to a Swedish restaurant, "The Three Crowns." That lunch took almost two hours. Then to Billy Rose's outdoor water carnival, the "Aquacade."

At 7 we went to the (NEA) banquet. It was nice but just like hundreds of banquets that Mintie and I have attended all over the country and I don't remember a thing we had to eat. The speaker was Charles F. Kettering of General Motors, credited with being one of the keenest men in the automobile industry today. Alfred Sloan, chairman of General Motors, was toastmaster. Sloan and Kettering introduced themselves personally to each guest as he or she entered the reception room.

June 19

After breakfast we walked down Broadway to the Empire State Building for which we had passes, and went to the top. Visibility was not very good....We ran into a group of NRA women on the tower and had our pictures taken with them -- Mintie says it will look like Erwin Funk and his harem. I was the only man.

We got a bus back to the Roosevelt at 11, to hear Dr. George Gallup, who is responsible for all the tables in the papers telling of the trends in popular opinion on all subjects.

Then came Radio City. We had a guide but that didn't help much when I tried to go back over some of our routes. It's just too big to tell about. Upstairs and down, subways and elevators, observation towers and shops and music halls and theaters. We never will remember all we saw and will discover when we get home that we missed just the things we wanted most to see.

June 20, 1940 - New York City

This is our last day in the great wicked city of New York and when it gets dark Mintie and I are going out and make one last attempt to find some of this so-called wickedness. It is 8 o'clock now but it is still light and as I look out of the window (we are on the 23rd floor of the hotel), all the skyscrapers are still aglow with sunshine. Tommy Dorsey and orchestra are playing for the dancing on the roof garden of the Astor Hotel -- and we look down on them and get our swing music second-hand. Living on the 23rd floor of a hotel is getting up in the world for Arkansawyers.

Yesterday Mintie and I spent most of the day at the Fair Grounds. We made no attempt to cover the whole Fair, although we had passes for everything on the grounds. We spent most of our time in the GE and Westinghouse exhibits. Mintie was not any more pleased with man-made lightning than with the Lord-made brand. I was much pleased with the new radio and television cabinets and asked so many questions that I was asked into the studio and gave a 7½ minute interview. Mintie stood across the room, in front of a television set, and saw and heard it very plainly.

June 22 - Northhampton, Mass.

There is nothing much to say about our wind-up in New York. I attended the NEA meeting until noon, had our car brought to the door and got away at 1:30 without trouble of any kind. We followed the Henry Hudson Driveway, a wonderful road on the east side of the Hudson, crossed the Bear Mountain bridge, reached West Point. Spent some time on the Academy grounds and in the beautiful chapel. Then drove through Newburg to Marlborough where we were the guests of Vill Plank....Wonderful fruit country around here...We saw a farm that specializes in 4-leaf clovers -- believe it or not....It was after 10 this morning when we left the Planks and ran up to Poughkeepsie. Vassar College is a beautiful place

and we loved it...Then into Connecticut and had lunch at Canaan and up to Northhampton, Mass., where we saw Smith College, our second women's school for the day.

June 24, 1940 - Boston, Mass.

We spent several hours on the campus of Yale University. Were fortunate as usual in finding an official who took us wherever we wanted to go. For instance, we visited the room just vacated by the son of a millionaire who had enlisted in the Navy. The room was littered with personal belongings that included big radio with bar attachment, furniture, electric toaster and coffee pot, musical instruments, clothing, skis, etc. The officer said the janitor would get it all for cleaning the room. Yale is not as attractive as Princeton but is more massive and on the general type of Oxford and Cambridge.

Then we headed east and north for Providence, Rhode Island. Then due east for the coast, via Taunton to Plymouth and the historic Rock. Estell crawled under the edge of the iron grating that protects the Rock and leaned on it and I took her picture. Then on to Boston, in the rain. And it still rains.

June 26, 1940 - Boston, Mass.

It has rained steadily ever since we reached Boston night before last and it looks like it will rain forever. Inasmuch as it rained all the time Mintie and I were here in 1916, our memories of Boston will always be wet ones.

We spent yesterday at Salem and Gloucester. In Salem I attended Rotary at the Hotel Hawthorne -- everything at Salem is built around the witches and the House of Seven Gables. There are scores of historical spots, monuments and buildings, some of 250 years ago.

Then on to Gloucester, a famous fishing port. It was raining but we walked down to the wharfs and found them just as dirty, the fish smell just as strong, and the boats, tugs, freighters, fishing smacks, and what have you, just as dirty and rusty and smelly as I had anticipated. It is evident that Gloucester has fallen on evil days as far as fishing is concerned.

June 27 - Glen Cove, Maine

This will be a hard place to find on the map but we are on Penobscot Bay, about half-way between Rockland and Rockport, almost due south of Bangor.

My last letter found me be-moaning the rain in Boston. Three days there, with rain almost every minute. We left in the rain and headed for New Hampshire, through Lowell, Nashua, Manchester and minor points for Concord. The rain stopped when we arrived. Concord pleased us very much; it seemed so clean and refreshing...Daniel Webster appears to be the patron saint; there are pictures and statues of him everywhere.

At Durham we visited the University of New Hampshire. It is not a big school but the buildings are very attractive. The campus is pleasing to the eye and we all fell in love with the graceful shimmering Norway pines. There is not a more beautiful tree in the sunlight anywhere. Some look as though covered with snow.

I have seen more tourist cabins today than I ever saw before in my life. From Portsmouth north, they literally line the highways. There are not so many of them this far north, but from the New Hampshire line to Portland there are actually thousands of them. So many of them are new that it is evident the people of this state figure that the war in Europe will turn thousands of people north into Maine -- and they certainly are getting ready for them.

We stopped at Damariscotta and while I visited the local printing office, the others did some scouting. A man told them that if we drove down to Pemaquid Point (14 miles) we could get into the lighthouse there for a few cents. So we meandered down a country road right out to a point, stocking out in the ocean -- only to find the lighthouse purely automatic, no keeper, electric, and they wanted 15 cents for letting us park our car. Nothing doing. So we went back to Damariscotta (I like that name, even though I can't pronounce it) and hastened on our way. How I love these Maine names! My first introduction was when they stuck me 15 cents to cross the Piscataqua River. It cost me 65 cents to get across the Kennebec and tomorrow I'll get soaked for crossing the Penobscot.

June 29, 1940 - St. Johnsbury, Vermont

I wrote last from Glen's Cove in Maine. We were in Bar Harbor by 10 o'clock the next morning and I was much disappointed. There is little to see there, for the big estates are walled off from the vulgar public and there are no cheap attractions like those we found at Old Orchard Beach. A genuine snooty town.

From Bangor, we drove to Orono, Maine, and saw the state university. This morning we drove into Augusta in the heaviest fog I have seen on this trip. Inasmuch as the State House was our only excuse for coming to Augusta, we drove there at once and found it open -- for a wonder. We spent an hour there and visited with a lot of state officials, chiefly in the agriculture department -- and they loaded me down with pamphlets.

We were in Lewiston by 11 and got our dinner there. It was a wonderful scenic drive all afternoon -- through the mountains of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. We were only 8 miles from Mt. Washington and saw it very clearly a number of times. We could have driven to the base of Mt. Washington but no one seemed to think it worth the time and gas.

July 1, 1940 - Tribe's Hill, on the Mohawk Rover,
5 miles west of Amsterdam, New York

If I wanted to keep up with the doings of the Funks and Marshalls, I would have to write every night because I can't remember longer than 24 hours. We got away from St. Johnsbury by 8 Sunday morning. Our first stop was Barre, the granite center of the world. We had to leave the highway and drive a few miles to the quarries but it was worth the time and trouble. From the summit of the great granite hill we had a marvelous panorama for miles around, while below us was the tremendously deep hole from which the huge granite blocks are hoisted by powerful machinery... There are many of these quarries but one was enough for us.

Then on to Montpelier, capital of Vermont, where we toured the State House under the guidance of an old Irish official. The Governor came in while we were there but our Irish friend did not introduce us.

We drove into Burlington, Vermont, in time for dinner. Then visited the University of Vermont -- not particularly impressive. Burlington has only about 9,000 people and most of them were downtown to see a parade of American Legion members and their Canadian brethren of World War I. Evidently they have lost their appetite for marching, for we saw more Legionnaires on the sidewalks than in the parade.

We spent an hour at Crown Point, at the lower end of Lake Champlain, where there is a state park and a monument that affords a good lookout for that territory.... This morning we drove into Ticonderoga and went at once to the old fort at the junction of Lake Champlain and Lake George, one of the historical spots of the French and Indian wars and the Revolutionary War.

Then we drove down the west edge of Lake George to Hudson Falls, where I attended Rotary. Then through showers to Saratoga Springs with its race track and spa, where they wanted 10cents for a smell of their sulphur water. We voted Saratoga over-rated and a flop.

July 3, 1940 - 8 miles south of Cortland, New York

From Saratoga Springs we drove south to Cooperstown, which is a beautiful drive by the shores of Otsego Lake. There were two attractions for me at Cooperstown -- the Baseball Hall of Fame, for it was here that the first game of baseball was played in 1839 under the supervision of Abner Doubleday, later an officer in the Civil War. Last year Doubleday Park was dedicated with much ceremony, on the spot where the first game was played, and all the celebrities of ball-dom were there. They also dedicated an attractive Memorial Hall, in which are to be found pictures and medallions of the 19 men who have so far been recognized as the outstanding players of the game. They charge 25 cents admission and I was the only member of our party sufficiently interested to enter -- but Mintie had to come and rescue me, for I could have spent the whole day there.

This was the home of J. Fennimore Cooper and he and the immediate members of his family are buried here, in the cemetery in the heart of the town. The scenes of many of Cooper's stories are located in this neighborhood and around Lake Otsego.

July 7 - Flint, Michigan

We were in Canada just 24 hours - and would have enjoyed it more if today had not been Sunday and all the stores closed.... When you hear that everything is closed in Canada, it means just that.... We reached Lewiston, below Niagara Falls, about 10 o'clock yesterday morning, to sneak up on the Falls from down-stream. So we saw the Rapids and the Whirlpool and watched the little car travel on a cable over the Whirlpool but none of us cared to try for that thrill... We went to the bottom of the American Falls by elevator and then drove over on Goat Island to see the Canadian Falls.... We had not expected to cross until evening but we were within three miles of the Falls and decided on the spur of the moment to go into Canada. And we did. At the Canadian customs I had to register my car, motor number, license number, serial number, etc., and declare my destination, which was Sarnia. And a few minutes later we were in beautiful Queen Victoria Park, which fronts on the entire Falls and affords a much better view than one can get from the American side.

As evidence of war conditions, young fellows in sloppy British uniforms were to be seen everywhere strolling with their lady friends. I am sorry to say that most of the lady friends looked equally sloppy. We saw a couple of armed guards posing for their pictures, looking very sheepish and uncomfortable. To me, these young recruits looked like high school boys. If I had seen the boys of the AEF at my age, I suspect I would have felt much the same. We did not hear much war talk and had it not been for the number of men in uniform on the streets and in the parks, it would have seemed quite a normal state of affairs.

I spent an hour up there on the hill viewing both the Canadian and the American Falls... A lot of publicity has been given to the special illumination of the Falls by electric search-lights and the wonderful colors and effects -- but for me I prefer the Falls in their natural colors. They look too much like colored postcards, with the artificial lights on them. A brilliant rainbow hung over the Falls for an hour while the sun was setting, and the green of the water, the white foam and blue colorings of the river pleased me a great deal more than did the lady in paint.

Knitting Up the Raveled Ends of Our Eastern Trip

Some hasty calculations show that we visited some 25 cities of more than 100,000 population -- and we managed to dodge a lot of others. We traveled 4,908 miles in the Buick and it used 302 gallons of gasoline, which cost on an average 17 cents a gallon, at a cost of close to \$50. Maybe a few cents more. Am not sure how much we had in the tank when we started. And we got around 16½ miles to the gallon. Too many red light stops and traffic interruptions to make a very good showing. Ten quarts of oil cost \$3.16. And 12 toll bridges accounted for \$6.40. Greasing the car cost \$2.50 and garage service in New York City was \$6.50. The total car cost was around \$70 which would not have been bad had it not been for the extra work on the car clutch. Pardon my tears, here.

We were away from Rogers for 34 nights:

With friends	7	
New York City (Hotel Lincoln	5	
Tourist homes in Providence, Cambridge	3	
Tourist cottages	18	33

And the cost was as follows:

New York City	\$22.50	
Tourist homes	6.00	
Tourist cottages	30.50	\$59.00

Just to keep the record clear and accurate: 10 of the cottages cost us \$2 each; 4 cost \$1.50 each; 2 \$1.25 each; 2 #1 each. And we did not pick the cheap ones by choice, either. The Lord's will be done.

We spent 12 nights in the state of New York; 5 in Pennsylvania; 2 in good old Massachusetts; 2 each in Maine, Michigan and Illinois; and one each in New Hampshire, Missouri, Canada, Vermont, Ohio, Indiana, and Rhode Island. Mintie and I were in 18 states and Canada.

I don't know what the trip cost me -- and I don't ever want to know. I kept the car and lodging costs quite faithfully -- but what meals and cigarettes and postcards and souvenirs and papers and magazines, these are all in the past -- the money is gone -- and I don't regret a cent, save for that darn clutch, and until I know more about it, I don't even know who to cuss for that expense.

After I wrote the last letter, we were chiefly just trying to get home the quickest way we could, but we did have some interesting stops. We visited the Michigan Capitol at Lansing -- and it was just another State House. I did meet a girl there who said she had graduated from high school in Forrest City, Arkansas. She works in the Capitol and says she gets pretty homesick for Arkansas. Personally, I can't imagine anyone getting homesick for Forrest City. It is still one of the sore spots on my 1938 black book trip -- it was so hot.

We had the punkest cottages on the entire trip at Flint, Mich., Battle Creek, Mich., and Logansport, Ind. And then two of the best, to wind up the trip, at Quincy, Ill., and Springfield, Mo. They helped take the curse off the previous three.

While I appreciate scenery and historical places and some kinds of antiques and factories and state houses and universities, et cetera, after all my chief enjoyment out of travel comes from the people that I meet. That's why I enjoy the Rotary Clubs and the conventions and the eating places.

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R A M B L I N G A R O U N D L I T T L E R O C K

Editor's Note

The items that follow were written by Erwin Funk in 1934 when he and Mrs. Funk were living in Little Rock. He was on a temporary assignment, directing enforcement of the NRA Graphic Arts Code, a job he didn't want and didn't like. But he felt that he should do his part to help National Recovery from the depression. This Little Rock note-book contains several hundred pages of manuscript. These short items show Erwin Funk's keen observation, his interest in people, and his wonderful sense of humor.

W. J. Lemke

THE LITTLE ROCK

The letters that follow were written by Edwin Rusk in 1934 when he and Mrs. Rusk were living in Little Rock. He was on a temporary assignment at the time. The letters are of the "Dear Mr. Rusk" type, a lot of them being written to him. But he had no answer to this kind of letter. The letters are of the "Dear Mr. Rusk" type, a lot of them being written to him. But he had no answer to this kind of letter. The letters are of the "Dear Mr. Rusk" type, a lot of them being written to him. But he had no answer to this kind of letter.

Edwin Rusk

RAMBLING AROUND LITTLE ROCK

Last night was the first cool weather for the past two months and I walked west on Markham street to the Missouri Pacific station. The station was certainly a lonesome place, not more than a half dozen waiting persons in the great waiting room, quite a contrast to the crowds you and I have seen there so often in the past. Too bad but I don't know what I can do about it.

Heard Dr. Hay Watson Smith preach Sunday morning -- 3rd and Gaines. Good music and I liked his sermon very much. He is a good speaker, logical, quiet, and interesting. It was communion service but he preached 40 minutes just the same. No one spoke to us at church -- so they are not much interested in strangers.

The football game was hot and tiresome but I enjoyed it just the same. I went out with the Arkansas team and saw a lot of old friends and talked a lot of ancient football. I loaded the UofA boys in their taxis at the Marion -- then climbed in and went with them. Worked the same scheme on the way home.

Heard Rabbi Saunders at Rotary tell of his experiences in Germany the past summer. He is a good speaker and I enjoyed the talk although he had nothing especially new to tell. Most of his talk was about Hitler -- and of course he's very much agin him.

Had an unusual experience the other night when a couple of small boys brought Mintie a check they said they had found on the street. It was for me, from Pate for the rent. We think the boys stole the letter out of the mail box and when they found a check that was of no use to them, they brought it to us. If the boys did not steal it, someone else did and then threw it away. Mighty funny, to say the least.

Political headquarters are just about deserted today. The out-of-town workers have gone home to work at the polls tomorrow. Typewriters have been carried downstairs this evening, desks and tables are being removed, and in a day or two there will be no trace of the campaign around the hotel save a few more holes in the carpets. Other evidence of changing conditions is that the regulars are beginning to come back into the lobby for their afternoon naps. The management kept them out while the chairs were needed for politicians.

This did not happen in Little Rock but Miss Allen found it for me in an Arkansas exchange. It seems that the Scott County courthouse was destroyed by fire some time ago and a correspondent from Waldron, the county seat, in writing about it said: "The grand jury is indicting them in the Methodist church; the petit jury is convicting them in the Baptist church; and the defendants are being jailed in the public library."

Bought a bottle of shoe polish this evening from General M.V. Vance. He is 90 years old and every time I meet him he offers me a bottle. I just can't keep turning him away forever. When I first knew the old gentleman years ago at Springdale, we called him "Captain" Vance. When he headed the Arkansas U.C.V., we called him "Colonel". But since he has been Commander-in-Chief of the U.C.V., he is known in Little Rock as "General". I do not know what rank he held in the Confederate Army but it does not make much difference. Despite his years, he walks erect and without a cane. He always recognizes me as "the Democrat editor from Rogers." I can't tell how many years I went to Pea Ridge to attend the Confederate reunions. What a fine lot of old men they were. And what good friends of mine. And what a chump I was for not taking down more of their war stories. But I was busy and planned to write their stories when I had nothing else to do. And when that time came, they were all dead.

One county judge down-state is going to vote against their present Congressman, Parks, because the latter uses a picture of President Roosevelt on his campaign card. "Stay with the President," says the card. "I'll stay with the President," said the Judge, "but I won't vote for a man who is just hanging on to the President's coat tails." It takes a student of psychology to know what to put on your campaign card, but the average politician should know better than to try Parks' trick.

On the walls of the office in which I am writing this stuff hang many pictures of the annual meetings of the Arkansas Press Association, framed by the late Clio Harper. I can find Erwin Funk in ten of them and Mintie in eight of them. I find myself trying to figure out how many of my old friends and associates are dead. The 1914 meeting was held in Little Rock. That was the largest meeting ever, and I find more of the old gang in that picture than in any other.

Marion Wasson did not vote last Tuesday. That's a hot record for a politician and I told him I was ashamed of him. He couldn't get home to vote and was afraid to mail an absentee ballot for fear the Washington County clerk would open it and see how he voted for the state and district candidates. As one of Governor Futrell's campaign managers, he knew that if it was learned which of the various state candidates he was supporting, the knowledge would be used by the opposition. That's just one of the annoyances a fellow runs up against when he mixes first-hand in a state campaign. And that's the reason I stay away from campaign headquarters. Even then some folks figured I was working for Carl Bailey because they saw me with Jerry and Tom Fitzhugh. Or that I was supporting Governor Futrell because they saw me with Wasson and Griffin Smith.

Today I ate my noon lunch at Woolworth's along with the rest of the 5 and 10 cent people. I like to eat there this hot weather because one does not get much and so can't overeat.

Stopped in the big front yard of the War Memorial Building to see how the flowers around the fountain were coming along. All of the flowers were removed a month ago while the fountain was being drained

and repaired. Now they have stuck them back in the earth again and are having one heck of a time to make them flourish. They all look sick. Why they pick out the middle of summer to ruin a wonderful flower bed, in order to do a little repair work, I don't know. It would be more to the point if they would remove the pile of rocks and debris that ornaments the grounds at the west end of the building. But I suppose they will wait until next winter when the mass is frozen solid. I like to look at the old State House, for it has been painted until it looks respectable. It was an eyesore for many years and was about ready to fall down, but now I am proud of it again.

If it wasn't located way down on 9th and Main, and wasn't on the sunny side of the street, one of my favorite places would be the Arkansas Book Store. They sell second-hand books and magazines, as well as new ones. You can buy the old magazines two for five cents. No excuse for not having plenty of reading matter at those prices. I am reading detective and Wild West stories for the first time in years, and I don't care whether they are new or old. Maybe they are not good for the mind -- but I am not certain I have any mind to improve.

Wonder who buys the stuff in the windows of the stores that never show any prices? Never see anyone looking at it and not many in the stores. I like to know the price ranges before I go into a store. Even at restaurants, I stand in the street and read the prices on the menu pasted in the window. But there is one eating place I never enter. That is the one that shouts in big letters: "Home cooking -- just like Mother used to serve." There are entirely too many kinds of mothers in this world to take any chances on that place.

Much surprised last night to run into Billie Rose of Fayetteville and to learn that he is now working for the Arkansas Democrat. Billie has been Fayetteville correspondent for the Fort Smith Southwest American for the past five years and Mintie and I have known him for a long time. He was on a lot of the radio programs with his ukulele but I never thought much of him as an entertainer. But he is a mighty fine fellow and a good newspaper man.

Went to the show and saw Joe Penner and his duck in "College Rhythm". Once is enough. He is better on radio than on the screen. Star of the show was Jackie Oakie, one of my real detestations. It was just another show -- and we only went because I wanted to see what Penner looks like. I was more than satisfied.

A steady stream of cars racing from Victory to Broadway on Third street, coming in batches of four or five as they get through the red lights at either end. Most of them fine cars -- for they represent the Pulaski Heights contingent of city workers.

Looking over the crowd at the corner of Chester and Markham, where the relief people feed a portion of the city's transients, I noticed

this noon that the old plank tables have been replaced with new ones, fresh and unpainted but clean. Tin dishes. And always, fresh vegetable soup. Bigger crowd on fine days than when it is rainy. More women than men. And more young people than old or even middle-aged. All types, mostly ragged and dirty but once in a while a clean-looking man or woman.

I sometimes wonder if Markham street ever looked prosperous or even respectable. There are mostly small houses and smaller shops. Reminds me of Arkansas street in Rogers. Now only cheap rooming houses, stores with fly-specked windows. West of Broadway, Markham street is either a has-been or a never-was. But when railroads were in their hey-day of prosperity, Markham was one of the busiest streets in Little Rock.

Lunch at Woolworth's and wondering how the girls keep from getting their orders mixed. Discover that they don't.

How can anyone make a living out of the taxi business in this city? I seldom see one in action. Maybe they make their money at night when I am not on the street. I never saw a city of this size in my life where there were so few taxis. As for the hectic night life of some cities, well, Little Rock just ain't got none. All they do at night here is walk up and down Main street.

I left the office about 3:30 and went over to North Little Rock where College of the Ozarks and Henderson Teachers were to play that night. Stood around for an hour waiting for the parade and when it was held, it proved to be pretty much of a fizzle. Went to the grounds, north of the High School, and bought the first ticket sold at the window. Didn't buy a reserved seat but when the gang found out that the reserved seats were sold by sections and not by seat, they just moved over into the reserved sections -- and there was such a jam that they could not move them out. I am sorry to say that I was with the gang.

Saturday afternoon I went to see the Little Rock-Pine Bluff football game. Mintie intimated that she thought I was crazy. But this was an easy trip out on the car and I was there in 10 minutes. Had a good seat with a back to it. I did not have to do any of the yelling, the weather was ideal, and I had no trouble in getting a car seat on the way home. So I voted it 100% a success.

There was a crowd of around 7,500 and Pine Bluff sent up at least 2,000 of them, so the yelling was by no means one-sided, although the score was 18 to 6 in favor of Pine Bluff. Little Rock does fine when playing Searcy but when Pine Bluff comes along, they just wither up and fade away. I wanted to see Little Rock win but not badly enough to do any yelling for them. The Gazette said this morning: "Little Rock won in the showing of their band, of their rooters, of their cheer leaders, and in their between-halves stunts, but it was the Football game that counted, and Pine Bluff won that." Little Rock had a live tiger in a cage on a truck, but after a while the tiger got as tired as the football team and laid down and went to sleep.

I went to Rotary today and heard a wise-cracking speaker from Benton. He was good but one of the sort that keeps you laughing and afterwards you can't remember anything he said. He is a merchant and a past Rotary president. I have heard lots of so-called humorists that were not half as good as he was. He is on the Will Rogers order -- and I have heard Will Rogers when he was not half as good as this Benton speaker.

Left at 2 p.m. for Hot Springs -- a fine drive. Parked by the Kingsway Hotel and walked to one of the public hot water fountains. Funny if it weren't so pathetic. All sorts of people filling bottles and fruit jars and drinking the hot water until I expected to see it running out of their ears. Everybody telling anyone who would listen what their troubles were -- every ailment from ingrown toenails to falling hair. Car licenses from every state in the Union. Usual aggregation of cripples. Stayed an hour and returned to Little Rock by way of Malvern. Gravel from Hot Springs to Malvern (25 miles) and a terrible dust. Never again.

Rotary day is always one of the outstanding events of the week for me, for it is the only time I have to meet with old friends. This time I sat with Pitts Womack, president of the State Teachers College at Arkadelphia. He hasn't changed much in looks and does not show his age. Recalled that it was 38 years ago that we first met. He was running the Academy at Elm Springs and I was editor of the Springdale Democrat.

Speaker at the luncheon was Dr. John B. Hunter, pastor of the 2nd Christian church here. He isn't much for looks and hasn't much of a voice but his talk was one of the most intelligent I have heard in the Rotary Club here. He spent six years as a missionary in Japan. He thinks Japan will some day annex Manchuria and that it will mean the downfall of Japan. He claims that since Japan annexed Korea, millions of Chinese and Koreans have moved into Japan proper and are crowding the native Japanese out of employment. If they annex Manchuria, it will be many times worse and will mean the gradual mixing of Japan and China, with the latter predominating.

Went to the Capitol Theater last evening to see and hear "One Night of Love." The title is taken from a song and has nothing whatever to do with the plot. When we came out of the theater, we found that it had rained quite hard. But I had closed the car tight, so it did not matter.

We are reading some books that we got from the Clio Harper library in the back room. Mirtie is reading one by Bernie Babcock of Arkansas. It is about the boyhood days of Robert E. Lee and sounds like a first-grade reader. But I think I will read her "Little Abe" anyhow if I have time. Harper has all the books ever written by Arkansas authors -- gifts for review, I suspect. I found one by Armitage Haper, written while he was at Harvard and entitled "American Ghost Stories." I shall not read it -- I hate ghost stories.

Everyone down here thinks it is funny that I won't go to political meetings, am not interested in reading the political advertising, and don't want to meet the politicians. I know enough about the candidates to decide for which I shall vote, but I am not interested enough to work for any of them. Maybe Futrell has made mistakes but there is no evidence that Reed will make fewer mistakes. There is no evidence that the men working for him have any brighter halos around their heads than the Futrell supporters. But Futrell has two men with him that I feel are head and shoulders above any Reed supporters. I refer to Marion Wasson and Griffin Smith. And because these men are supporting Futrell, he gets my vote.

What these state races mean is that if the incumbents win, the men and women now in office will keep their jobs, and if they lose, there will be a new set of office-holders all the way down the line. What does the general public care about these assistants and clerks and other departmental personnel? The real interest of the voter ought to be centered in their state senators and representatives. They are the men who make the laws and they should be hand-picked for their ability and honesty. But we usually pick them for different reasons.

Last night we took our longest walk since coming down here. We walked across the Main street bridge to North Little Rock and over to the highway and then west to the Broadway bridge and back to the Capitol Hotel. We stopped for a cold drink and loafed along and were gone something over an hour. We checked cars on our walk and noted 13 one-eyed cars, 33 without tail-lights, and four cars without either front or rear lights. No wonder Little Rock has so many auto accidents. No sign of a traffic patrol anywhere.

I was talking with the man at the news-stand about the large number of cheap magazines -- detective stories, Wild West, etc. "Who buys them?" I asked him. My idea was that perhaps they were responsible for the mistaken idea of living that we find so prevalent with our young folks. "Mostly adults," he said. "You would be surprised at the number of regular customers I have among the business men of Little Rock. One of my best customers is a preacher. Lawyers, doctors, all kinds of professional men. They want stories of adventure or mystery. The more improbably, the better they like them."

It is always interesting to sit back of the clerk's desk in the hotel and listen to the people who register for rooms. The other night a middle-aged man came in and registered and said his baggage was out in the car. As he started for the door with the porter, he turned and said, "I forgot to register for my wife." A few days ago, Gerrick the clerk told me about a man who got half-way to Conway before he remembered that he had forgotten his wife and left her in their room.

Coollest place I have found in the city is on the upper floors of the Donaghey Building, in the hall between the elevator shafts. If I could have my desk in that hall, I believe I could learn to like Little Rock. I ran into young Trieschman in the elevator. He is selling insurance now instead of coaching the Rogers High School football team.

What a lot of wasted effort there is in this old world! So many people running around doing unnecessary things and writing letters that have no purpose. I am moved to this thought by a letter this morning from the JNCA (Joint National Code Authority) in Chicago, asking for information that has been given them time and time again and that could be secured by asking the file clerk in their own office. I have been bumping into this all my life with almost every big concern with which I have had to do business. They fill their offices with records and files and then forget to use them.

Picked up a copy of the Springdale News today and in the "35 Years Ago" column saw where Charley McQuaid was going with the Rogers band to Mena. That was the time I went with the band as chaperone. And did I have my hands full?

Drove to Beebe this afternoon with Rynyan from the NRA office to see Mrs. Wright of the Sentinel, with whom the NRA has been wrangling over a matter of wages for some three months. They have been sore at me, claiming that I intervened and prevented a settlement. They are crazy with the heat. It was a pleasant drive, paved all the way. Cabot, a dirty little town, is about halfway to Beebe. Other little towns, like Jacksonville and Austin, were evidently all colored.

Had a pleasant time this noon at Rotary. Wore my coat for the first time in three months and was very comfortable. And we had fried chicken for a change. Life is worth living once more. Good program and interesting group at our table. Dick Thompson of Eureka Springs sat near me. Every time he was introduced to someone he managed to tell them that he was the new senator from Eureka Springs.

Business seems to be pretty good at the hotel this week. But the customers come late, go to their rooms, and get away early. Not much loafing in the lobby of the Capitol as at the Marion. These are busy people looking for a place to sleep and not there to show off their clothes. Since the cool weather set in, not so many of them call for rooms with a bath. And not many calls for the porter to bring cold beer to the room. I suspect they drink before they go up and thus save the tip.

Went to the Piggly Wiggly store last night and discovered that the boy at the cashier's desk is a cousin of Harper. His name is Andrews and he left Harrison six years ago. Don't know where the relationship is but think it is on his mother's side. A nice-looking boy but Mintie says he doesn't know the prices. Just a different viewpoint. I want to know who folks are; Mintie wants to know what they are.

Johnny Wells, Gazette city editor, came in for a list of the new senators and representatives and wanted to know which are not Republicans. I told him they are all "which". He wants to know why I don't come up and see them sometime. I told him I am a married man and that my wife makes me punch a time clock. I did call at the Gazette the other afternoon but didn't find any of my friends there.

A linotype operator in the back room was telling about a visit to Rogers a few years ago. Said he got a drink of whiskey from the proprietor. Said I wasn't the man. I told him that that is no news to me for I was never known to share drinks with tramp printers.

Salvation Army folks on the street corners ringing a bell and soliciting Christmas funds. None of them appear to be doing a rushing business. Even the Community Chest solicitors seem to be having a tough time of it this winter in Little Rock.

Disappointed in the Red Cross outlined in electric lights on the old Donaghey Building. They are not one-tenth as large as the electric cross that Connelly Harrington had on the city hall at Siloam Springs. But Harrington was town boss then and probably got his red juice free.

Last night I got to checking up on my Rotary attendance away from Rogers and found I have attended 215 meetings in 87 different cities in 24 different states. That means that during my 18 years in Rotary I have attended a total of four years in other places than Rogers. And I have missed only seven meetings, except for the war days, and four of the seven misses were on account of my 1930 sick spell.

M I S C E L L A N E O U S

A Letter about Newspaper Contests

Article -- "What Are You Selling?"

Policy Statement - Fayetteville Daily Leader

Diary Entry -- The Cost of Travel

A Letter about Cherokee History

A Letter about the Rogers Gold Mine

A Letter about Newspaper Contests

Dear Walt:

Being a very modest and retiring sort of a chap, it has worried me not a little that I always keep recalling a saying I heard when quite young: "When a man tooteth not his own horn, it seldom gets tooted." But I did blush when I was introduced at an NEA gathering in St. Louis, in May 1934. President-elect Ken Baldrige said among other things:

"While our next speaker was yet a private in the ranks of the NEA, he had a vision of the possibilities of the Association. Many men have had the same vision but none of them did more to make the vision come true. Five years ago as your president he traveled up and down the country preaching the gospel of state cooperation. He made your Board of Directors a real legislative body and at Cheyenne in 1929 he wrote into our constitution, or saw that it was written there, many ideas for which men of the NEA had been striving for years without success. After all is said and done, that is the way we measure leadership--the ability to get things done. Few of his successors will have the physical strength or the drive to equal the record he set in his journeyings. That the NEA has been able to function so efficiently this year in its hour of greatest stress and with so many demands on its officers for service is largely due to the foundation work laid by the next speaker, Erwin Funk of Rogers, Arkansas."

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When the ROGERS DEMOCRAT was sold the last of 1929, it had won more honors in newspaper contests, both state and national, than any other publication in Arkansas. An unusual feat was winning both first and second prizes in a National Editorial Association contest in 1923 for the best advertisements in one's own paper and for circulation and commercial printing work. The DEMOCRAT entries placed first in both advertising and circulation -- the three contests being judged separately. It won second, third and fourth in NEA contests for first-page make-up and in 1929 was first in points but was barred by the fact that the publisher was president that year, from receiving first honors. The sad part was that the president was responsible for that contest ruling. Four times it won honorable mention in national community service contests.

Four times the DEMOCRAT was declared the best printed paper in Arkansas; five times it won the blue ribbon for the best first-page make-up; three times it won the award for the best all-around weekly in the state; and there were blue and red ribbons galore for commercial and pamphlet work, editorial columns, country correspondence, and farm and horticultural promotion.

Speaking from my own experience over the years, there is nothing that can make an editor and publisher really strive for the best in his publication and commercial work like getting interested in these state and national contests. He will get copies of the prize winners and learn what makes them tick. When one is elected to office, one must give the credit to friends. When your paper wins a contest you know full well the credit belongs to you and your office force.

Just another word about these newspaper contests. Read the rules and figure they mean just what they say. If the most points are given for originality, don't waste too much time on pictures, pretty adjectives and fancy typography. The best all-around newspaper must strike a balance as to space given to editorials, correspondence, sports, society, farm news, local and state news -- no one department should dominate the news columns. In first-page contests we learned that variety comes first. A heading should never be bigger than the story and it should never be misleading. Never use the same make-up in any two copies submitted to the judges, and play up local events rather than state or national. Always keep in mind the fact that the story makes the heading, rather than a flash heading the story.

Winning or placing high in these newspaper contests is the greatest morale builder that can happen to any editor or publisher.

-- Erwin

An Article in a Trade Journal

WHAT ARE YOU SELLING?

"I have nothing to sell but white space."

How often have you heard that statement made by a publisher? I quote it direct from a letter received in my office a few days ago. It was made as a defense against a request from a government department for some free publicity. I have nothing to say for or against the article in question but I have much to say concerning such a statement by any publisher at any time or place.

A publisher with nothing to sell but white space will get little for it -- and, at that, perhaps more than it is worth.

A publisher should be selling opportunities:

Opportunity for the merchant to contact possible buyers; opportunity for him to present to the buying public of his trade territory his arguments and his prices; opportunity to tell them when, why and how they should patronize his place of business.

A publisher should be selling service.

The service of every trained and skilled worker in his front and back rooms; the service of his carrier boys and his mailing department; a service that can only be secured through years of training and experience; the service of his advertising department with its helps and advice; the service of his proof-readers; the services of his presses and his pressmen.

A publisher should be selling the prestige of character and reliability.

If his newspaper is what it should be, the publisher is selling the years that have been spent in building up for that paper a reputation for fairness; for honest dealings with the buying public; dependence upon the reliability of its advertisers; its willingness to promptly correct such errors as may now and then creep into the best of publications; for its efforts to keep its columns free from objectionable and misleading advertising.

A publisher must sell himself.

He is selling every particle of experience he has gathered in his long or short years in the newspaper business; his knowledge of what should be done to fully cover his local or trade territory; what to publish and what to leave out of his news columns. His experience and knowledge is his chief stock-in-trade, and if he is without this experience, his ability to select assistants who do have it.

A publisher must sell his news columns; he must sell his editorial page; he must cash in on the results his advertising columns have secured for former customers and are now securing for present ones; he must sell circulation.

Nothing to sell but white space!

What a wholly mistaken idea that publisher has of his read wares if that is what he thinks he is selling when he accepts a dollar for a given number of inches of his advertising columns.

What he gets for those inches represents his cash return for many things he should have to sell. When he has convinced himself of the value of his service, and has convinced his office force of that value, as well as the community in which he operates, it isn't going to be such a task to convince the advertiser himself that he is buying a lot more than just so many inches of white space.

Maybe you are one of the publishers who insists he is just selling white space. If so, let's forget all that I have said. There are a lot of people doing that in other lines of business than ours, and human nature being what it is, I presume will keep on doing it until they have the final interview with the banker or the sheriff.

But our successful publishers are not selling white space. They are selling and cashing in on the worth-while things they really have to exchange for the advertiser's money.

— Erwin Funk

A POLICY STATEMENT

in the Fayetteville Daily Leader

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In assuming the position of managing editor of the Fayetteville Daily Leader on January 1, I do so with the fullest expectation of assisting in maintaining the leadership it has attained in this trade territory during the past year. Every newspaper man in Northwest Arkansas (in fact, throughout the Southwest) has watched the progress of the Daily Leader with a great deal of interest, for it is out of the ordinary for a paper to secure a permanent foothold in a field the size of this in so short a time.

Mr. Taylor has spared no expense to insure the Daily Leader being a success in everything that goes to make up a modern newspaper. He secured the best mechanical equipment that money can buy, and he placed in charge of the various departments men and women who are trained newspaper workers. He has given the Leader readers many special features usually found only in a city many times the population of Fayetteville.

By placing the Daily Leader among the newspapers with the nationally recognized Audit Bureau of Circulation, it has attained a position of merit not only with the national advertisers but with the local business men. Advertisers no longer can be satisfied by circulation claims of newspapers that guess at their number of readers --or knowing them, deliberately misrepresent them. In looking over the new contracts for 1931, it is gratifying to note that the audit is bringing immediate results.

While the circulation campaign still has a few days to run, it has shown gratifying results considering general conditions. The managers of the campaign tell me that sales resistance is largely a matter of finances; the citizenship of Fayetteville and the surrounding territory is friendly to the Daily Leader, and this attitude bears promise of still greater gains a little later as conditions grow better.

No changes are contemplated in the personnel of the Daily Leader on January 1. But since the death of the late Hon. George Stockard, there has been no managing editor, and the details of that position have been handled by Mr. Taylor and his associates, who have really had their time fully occupied with their own duties. In taking over the position formerly held by Mr. Stockard, I am confronted with the problem of meeting existing conditions and not those of a year or more ago.

Regardless of desires to make the Daily Leader bigger and better, there remains the compelling fact that business conditions, not merely those of local import but those of national scope, demand recognition in all intelligent plans for the coming months. And because I do not believe that the present business outlook for the early months, at least, of 1931 justify the continued expense of the Sunday edition of the Daily Leader, it is with honest regret that the announcement is made that this will be the last Sunday edition until further notice.

Beginning with next Saturday, January 3, the Daily Leader will be issued on that day at the regular hour. It may be that the city edition will be held an hour or two later for last minute news, but that is a matter that will be worked out later in office conferences, and due announcement made to its readers.

Every member of the force regrets this change. They were proud of the Sunday Daily Leader -- and with reason. But I do not believe that the revenue from that edition justifies the extra cost at this time. No friend of the Daily Leader believes the paper has proven a gold mine to its owner. But it is my hope and ambition to help make it a financial success, if it can be done without loss of interest in its news columns, or in value to its advertisers.

I believe we can maintain both this interest and this value with a straight week-day program -- and I know that we can reduce the expense of publication very materially. If it proves a mistake, it is one that can be corrected. In taking the responsibility for this change, I am asking our readers to withhold criticism and suspend judgment until we have time to demonstrate whether the substitution of a Saturday evening issue for the Sunday morning issue, is a betterment or a loss to Fayetteville and this trade territory.

January 1931

Erwin C. Funk,
Managing Editor

A DIARY ENTRY

The Cost of Travel

Knowing that in the past I had kept an accurate account of my auto travels, I have had many inquiries since my return from the Pacific coast as to what it costs at the present time.

The cost of such a trip naturally depends upon the number in the party, the size and make of the car, and the quality of entertainment demanded. With only Mrs. Funk and myself in a 6-cylinder Buick, carrying a very limited amount of bedding so that we could take advantage of cottage camps when possible, I have been surprised at the very reasonable cost of such an extended trip -- three months and ten days.

Our trip divided itself into three stages: Rogers to Port Townsend, Washington, via Denver, Ogden, Portland and Seattle -- 2,867 miles. Through Washington, Oregon and California -- 2,636 miles. Los Angeles to Rogers via Highway 66 -- 2,110 miles. A total of 7,613 miles.

We bought 550 gallons of gasoline at an average cost of $19\frac{1}{4}$ cents a gallon, a total of \$105.75, and got an average of 14 miles per gallon. A lighter car could do much better, but the cost per gallon for gas would probably be about the same although the fluctuation in prices is constant. Going through so much mountain country one hits perhaps the highest prices in the United States.

The car required 33 quarts of oil at a cost of \$10.27. To keep the car greased cost \$8.98 more. For adjusting brakes, valves, carburetor, etc., cost \$11.10. A new battery at Seattle cost \$13.50.

From Seattle to Port Townsend and return cost \$.55 for ferry charges, and toll at the Longview bridge over the Columbia (the only toll bridge on our entire trip) was \$1.

This gives us a total car cost of \$156.10 -- making the actual driving cost for the entire trip of 2 cents a mile, certainly a reasonable mile cost. It does not include any estimate of wear and tear on tires and car, which is quite an impossibility -- at least for me -- but I still have something left.

Some people do not like the cottage camps. We do - and we found them well patronized wherever we went. If so many people did not like them there would not be so many of them all over the country. We spent 31 nights in 27 different cottage camps, at a cost of \$40.25. At one camp we paid \$2 a night; at 12 we paid \$1.50 a night; at nine we paid \$1.25 and at nine we paid \$1 a night. While we always tried to get into the best camp in a town or city, we did not always take the most expensive cottage. In some of the more elaborate camps one could pay as high as \$4 a night, and have accommodations equal to the best hotels.

Caught late at night on some of the long mountain jumps, one will have to take what he can find but we were fortunate in that respect. Because we seldom drove after dark and were able to look them over more carefully before making a choice.

At Sante Fe we paid \$2 for a cottage. It was virtually a 4-room apartment with every modern convenience and one could have remained there a month in comfort.

In some of the small towns in the mountains or on the desert, it was hard to find cottages with running water or with gas ranges. At Ashfork they told us that every drop of water in the town had to be hauled 25 miles or farther.

But at that I had rather take my chances in the cottages than in the majority of the small-town hotels. The cottages were clean and cool, and with one's own bedding you take little chance on accumulating surplus passengers. Practically every cottage camp had a small grocery store where one could obtain milk, butter, bread, eggs and some canned goods. If one gets his own breakfast, he is assured of an early morning start.

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A LETTER ABOUT INDIAN HISTORY

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Rogers, Ark., July 16, 1937

Prof. Geo. W. Smith,
Carbondale, Illinois

Dear Mr. Smith:

Mr. Horton Miller, secretary of the Rogers Rotary Club, has handed me your letter asking for any possible local information with regard to the route followed through this section in the removal of the Cherokee Indians from the Smoky Mountains to Indian Territory.

It may be of interest to you to know that Mr. Miller, who came to Rogers from Tennessee in 1881, the year Rogers was located, was for many years one of the best known Indian Agents in the West and served in many states. He resigned some 18 years ago while Agent at Fort Hall, Idaho, where he had charge of the Blackfoot reservation.

As editor here I have been much interested in all matters pertaining to the history of northwest Arkansas and Mrs. Miller knew that I was perhaps the only person in Rogers who could and would get you the required information. During my more than 40 years residence here I have talked with most of the early settlers and their descendants but not once have I ever found anyone who knew anything of the Cherokee removal personally. Or who had ever heard of it from their ancestors.

This is not surprising in view of the fact that northwest Arkansas was not opened for settlement by the whites until after 1828. Previous to that time all this section was under allotment to the Cherokee Indians. A few white settlers slipped in at times but were rejected by the Federal troops if possible.

White settlement in this section did not really begin until 1835 and 1836 and most of the early-day comers located along the rivers, chiefly White and War Eagle. So far as known, there were no Indian villages in this or Washington County, immediately to the south of us. This was mostly prairie and was a favorite Indian hunting ground.

The old military trail from St. Louis to Texas ran through the present site of Rogers, but it followed the higher ridges and there were few or no settlers along the trail for many years. Benton County was organized in 1837.

The available record in my possession would indicate that by far the greater number of the Cherokees were moved via the Arkansas river, some by boat and others overland. According to federal records (Indian Affairs, November 11, 1838) the army moved some 6,000 Cherokee Indians while the others were allowed to choose their own conductors, the government paying so much per head. One record credits the government with paying for the removal of 13,149.

If you have checked through many of the few really authentic records you will find great discrepancy in the accounts. Perhaps the federal authorities responsible for the tragedy of the Cherokee Nation were not interested in having the records too numerous or too exact.

The only group of Cherokees that I can find leaving a definite record of passage through Benton County, Arkansas, was one of the first to make the migratory trip. It consisted of 365 men, women and children and was conducted by B.B. Cannon. The journey started October 14, 1837. Princeton and Salem, Ky., are mentioned as stopping points, and the party was in Jonesboro, Ill., on November 9. It reached Springfield, Mo., Dec. 15. They came through Benton County and reached their destination in the Indian Territory just west of Cane Hill in Washington County, Arkansas. During the march, 15 deaths occurred, 11 of them small children.

One party of 1,900 that came through Missouri started in December, 1838, while another considerable party, after crossing the Mississippi the same month, reached Batesville in north Arkansas December 15. This party moved on west through north Arkansas and must have crossed Benton County. No record of the exact route is available, so far as I know.

Aside from the Cannon group as mentioned, I have been unable to find mention of any Arkansas point (Benton and Washington counties) touched by these Cherokees. As I said with regard to the Batesville party, they must have crossed Benton County but with little or no white population in northwest Arkansas, no one was evidently enough interested to keep a record of their passing.

The most satisfactory history of "The Trail of Tears" that I know is "Indian Removal" by Grant Foreman. It was published in 1932 by the University of Oklahoma Press. It is the only book I have ever found that gives any details regarding the passage of the Cherokees through Illinois and Missouri. There are a number that tell of the hardships of those who went via Little Rock and the Arkansas River.

As to personal stories of the "Trail of Tears", the only one I know was written by Elizabeth L. Saxon and appeared in Lippincott's for August, 1888, and she lived on the Arkansas river, so I suspect that you would find nothing of special interest to your Centennial.

"John Ross and the Cherokee Indians" by Rachel Caroline Eaton, published in 1914 by The Collegiate Press, Menasha, Wis., is interesting as regards the Cherokees but not very helpful so far as tracing actual routes followed by the Indians on their journey west.

When speaking of the Springfield route, I should have added that I found mention of parties that reached the Territory via Southwest City, Mo. That would be in the extreme southwest corner of Missouri. They might have touched the northwest corner of Benton County but that would be many miles from Rogers with no settlers at that time.

I know the data in the hands of the committee that located the "Trail of Tears" marker near the Pea Ridge battlefield. They were justified in placing it there, for some of the Cherokees undoubtedly came that way but there are no records available to prove anything definite as to numbers or route. If the above will help you in your story of the Cherokee migration, I shall be happy to have refreshed my memory and my interest.

Erwin C. Funk

A LETTER ABOUT THE ROGERS GOLD MINE

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Rogers, Ark., Feb. 11, 1938

Mr. Ezekiel Roberts,
El Reno, Oklahoma

Dear Mr. Roberts:

Re: Gold Mines in Rogers' city limits

Some 30 years or more ago, there were parties digging for gold within the city limits of Rogers. Inasmuch as said parties mined with shovels and a prayer, it is quite impossible at this time to say just why they found no gold. Possibly, and probably, the chief trouble was that there was no gold.

A car load of the rock and clay was shipped to St. Louis -- and dumped on the Frisco right-of-way. Possibly there were no means available at that time for getting out the gold. And perhaps they were praying to the wrong party or parties.

As a matter of fact, all of the gold mining here at that time was based on revelations from the Lord. Time, place, wages paid, hours worked, and all other essentials were based entirely on patented and copyrighted visions. When the prophet and his kinfolk ran out of money the search for gold ceased and has never been revived.

There would be no trouble in getting you 50 pounds of earth from the place -- it is a pasture on Highway 71 -- and if you wish to pay for the crating or sacking, I would be glad to send same to you. The said prophet is dead and so far as I know the visions and formula died with him. But it would be interesting to see someone tackle the idea again, and we would be glad to help you. But it will be up to you to do the praying.

ERWIN FUNK

who lives two blocks from the Gold Mine

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